THE MISSILE

MAY 1952

"I HEAR AMERICA SINGING"

K. Johnson

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The Missile

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. XXXX — MAY — 1952 — No. 1

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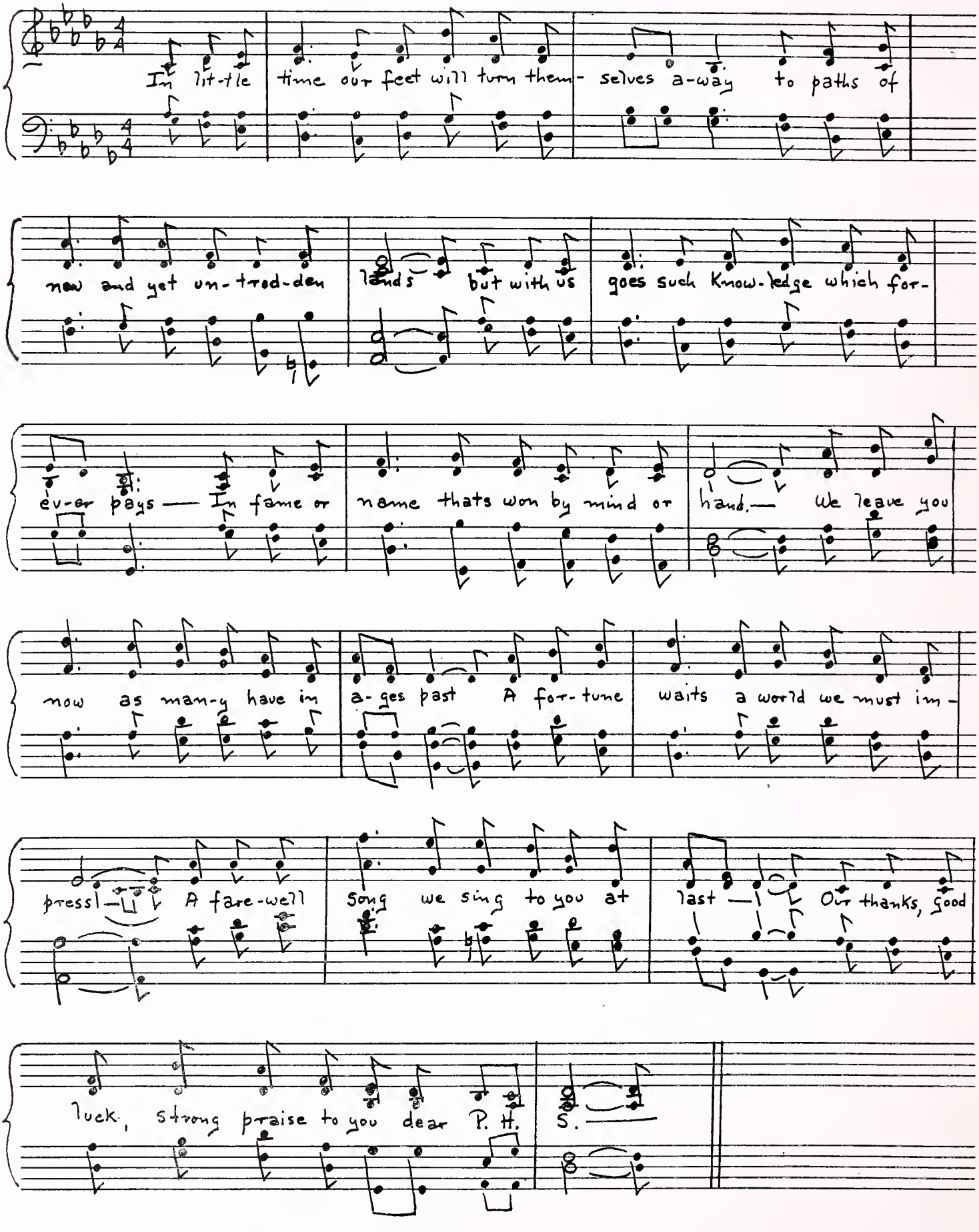
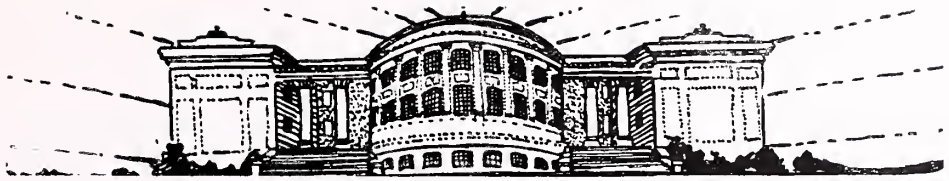

In lit-tle time our feet will turn them- selves a-way to paths of
now and yet un-trod-den lands but with us goes such Know-ledge which for-
ev-er pays — In fame or name thats won by mind or hand. — We leave you
now as man-y have in a-ges past A for-tune waits a world we must im-
press! — A fare-well Song we sing to you at last — Our thanks, good
luck, strong praise to you dear P. H. S. —



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Senior Section

1952

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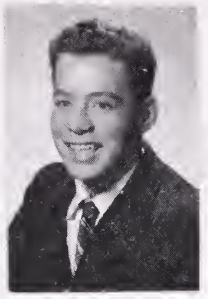

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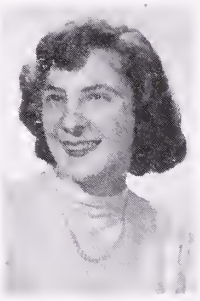
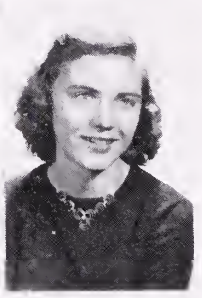
James Harry Nemecek





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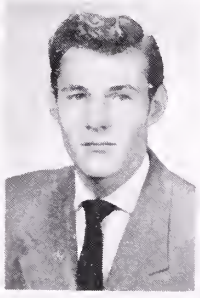

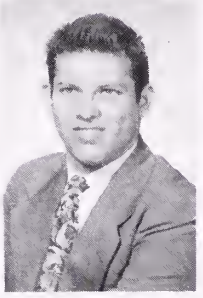

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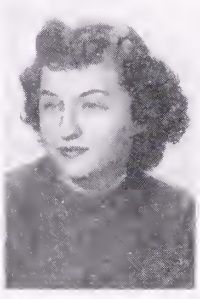

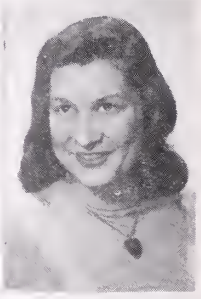

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Mary Anna Cousins
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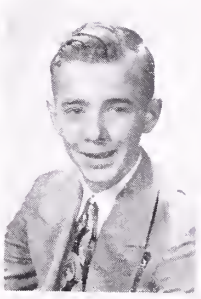

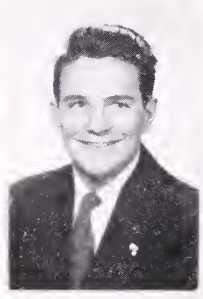
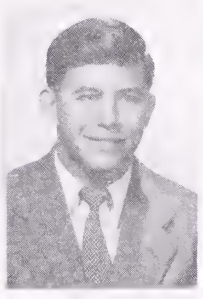

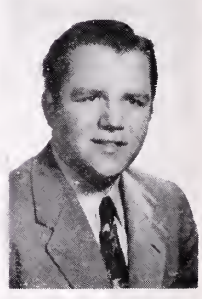

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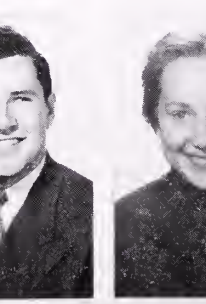
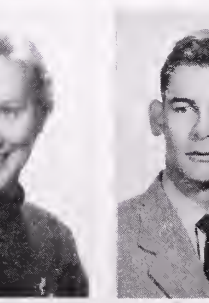

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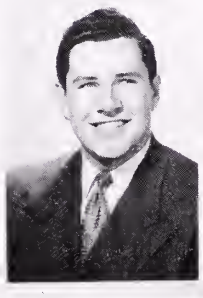
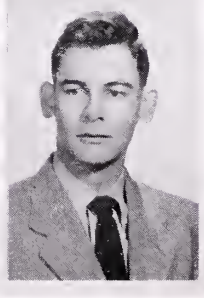
William Maurice Barlow





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Lon William Lamb
Geraldine Fern Norton

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Sarah Jane Ellis
James Ronald Smith
Sara Elizabeth Knight
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Nancy Lee Moore
Carolyn Belle Harville
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Barbara Marie Jones

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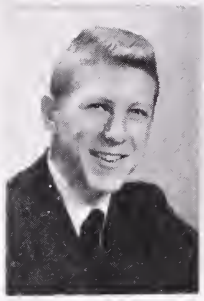

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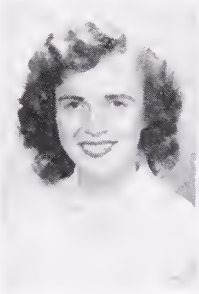
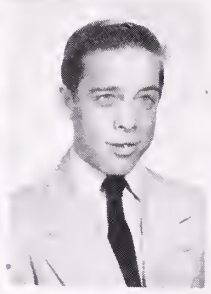
Joyce Evelyn Vaughan

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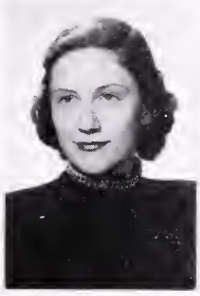
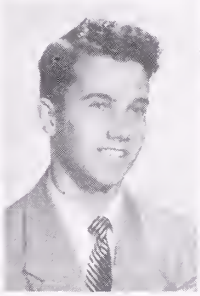
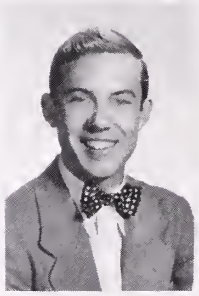
Patricia Ann Moore



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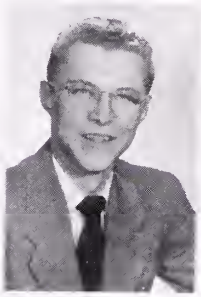
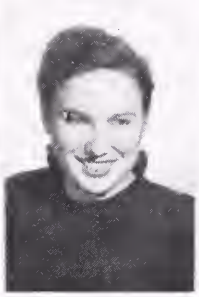
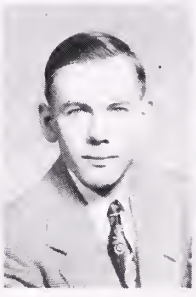

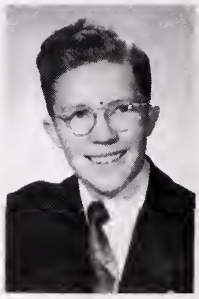

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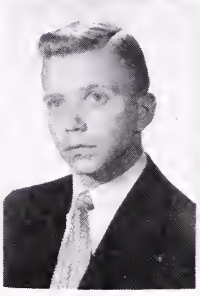
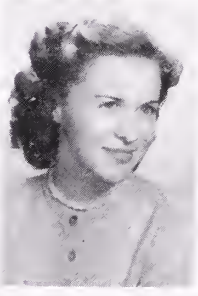

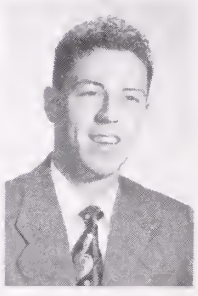

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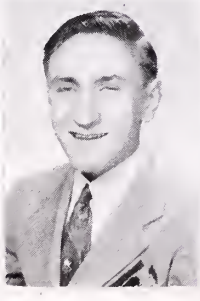
Delores Jeannette Baker
Alice Lorraine Walker
Gene Austin Porter
Rose Marie Mason



Robert Crichton Myers
Jean Adele Talley
Jack Edward Krueger

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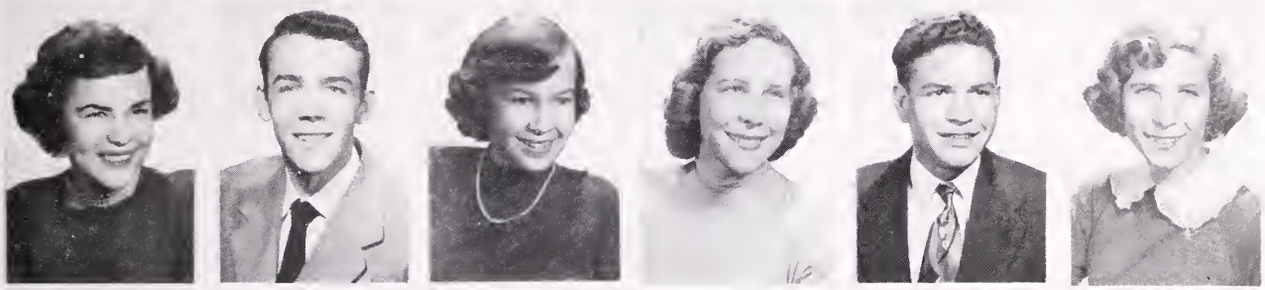
Faye Janette Pond
Richard Kenneth Wheeler

Jean Ellis Landrum
Robert Maynard Clarke
Gladys Marie Harrell



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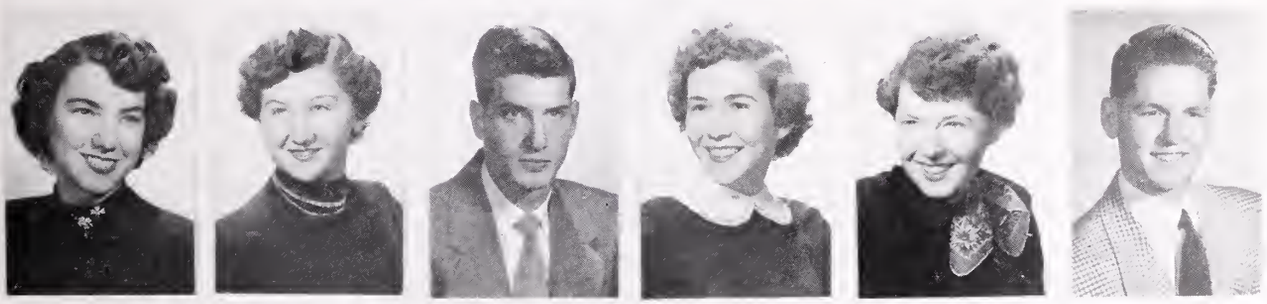

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Emmett Walton Wright
Frankie Mae Hood
Barbara Jean Flye
Robert Lawrenee Hutchinson

Clifton James Sanford
Joan Pauline Scott
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James Ronald Gittman
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Austin McKenney Francis, Jr.
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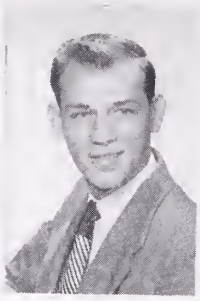

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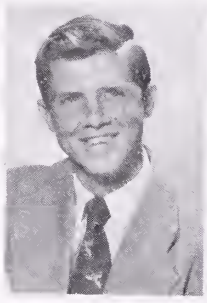

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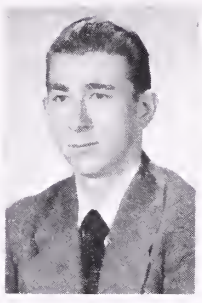
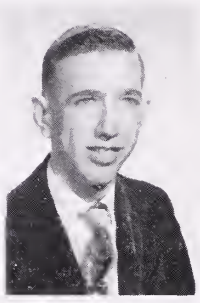
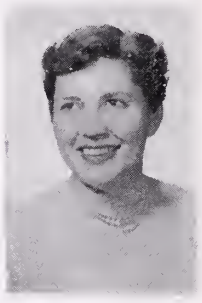
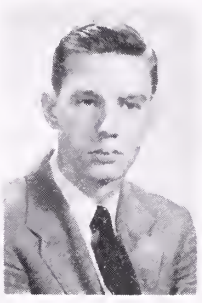
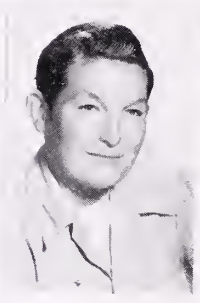


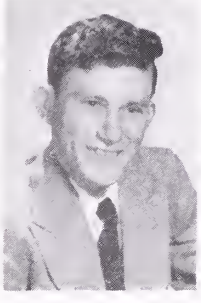



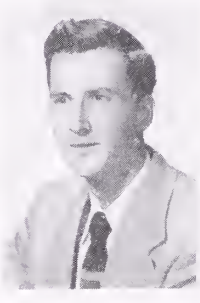
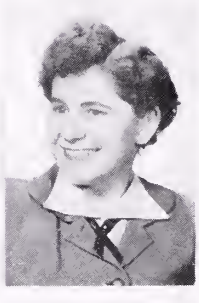
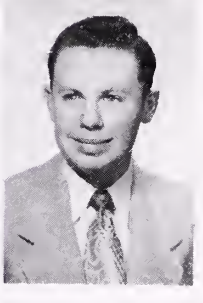
Joseph Alfred Pilout, III
Lillian Lorena Lester
Bruce Hamilton Mann
Betty Jane Shackelford
Robert Livingston Hatchell
Madelme Ruth Frazier





Mabel Jeanette Walker
Charles McWarren Clarke
Patricia Ann Harrell
Patricia Ann Wells
Russell Calvin McCabe
Eva Mae Talbott

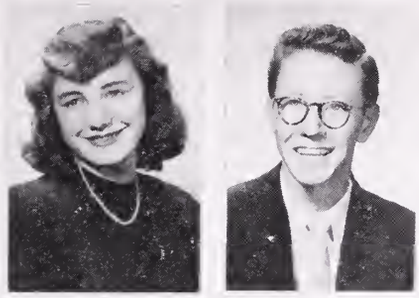


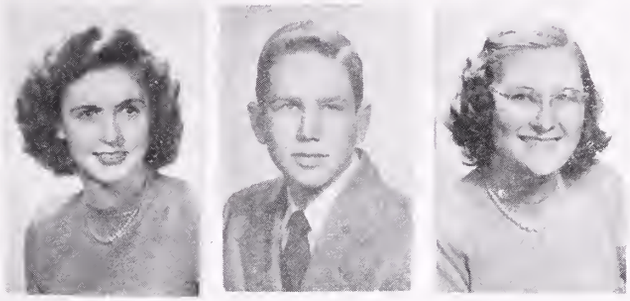
Robert Gene Belvin
Barbara Ann Wade
Charles Wesley Brooks
Joyce Ann Belcher
Alton Earley Mattox
Mildred Marie Hall

Mildred Jeanette Doss
Donald Page Harris

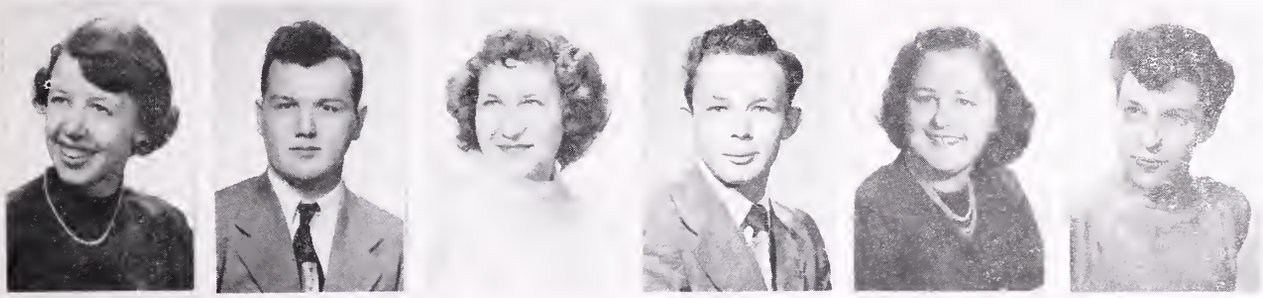
PHS 1951



Delores Virginia Brown
Macy Lee Maitland

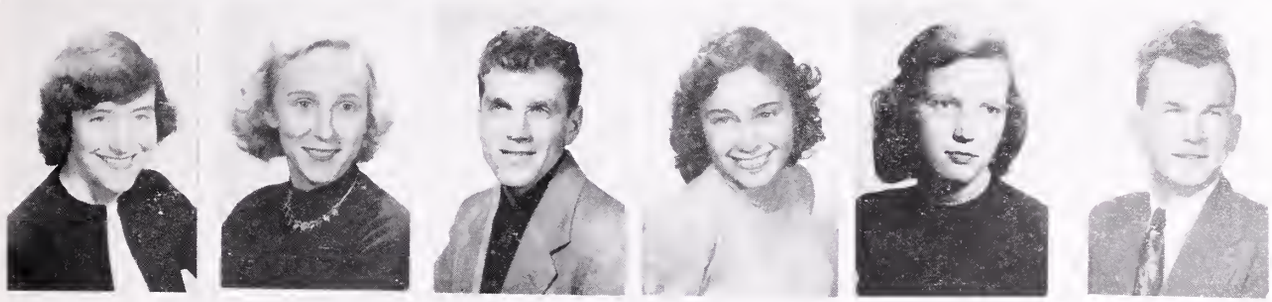


Ann Marie Yancey
John Dietrich Bolte
Joyce Ercelle Baird

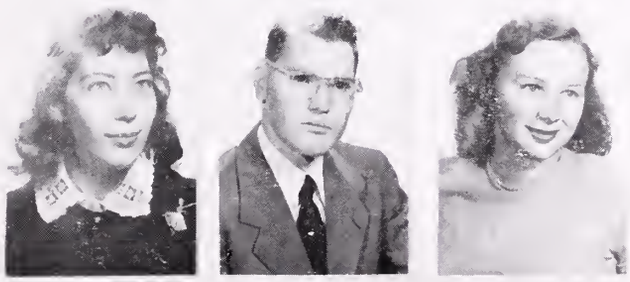


Ann Davis Poole
Robert Henry Pritchett
Frances Dee Gardner
Joseph Ralph Hitchcock
Alma Elizebeth Wynn
Barbara Louise Bristow

Hugh Melvin Rosemond, Jr
Shirley Duane Pecht
Barbara Mae Magee
Bettie Mae Adams
William Lionel Sellars
Peggy Sue Parrish



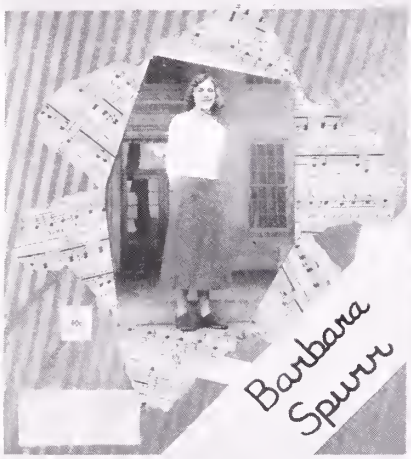
Anna Lee Oliver
Joan La Verne Daughtry
John F. Frederick
Mary Betty Spain
Barbara Ann Harrison
Beasley Earl Edwards



Idear Harrison Traylor
Gene Lemuel Nickelson
Nancy Lee Perdue

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
THE TECKACADE CITY
PETERSBURG, VA.

I'LL ALWAYS FOLLOW YOU



BEST ALL-ROUND

WHO'S

BRAINIEST GAL

I HAVE IDEAS

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

Music by Gen. CHARLES G. DAWES Words by CARL SIGMAN

BEST ATHLETE

WHO

MY BUDDY

BEST ALL-ROUND

BRAINIEST BOY

I HAVE IDEAS

English & French

MY HERO

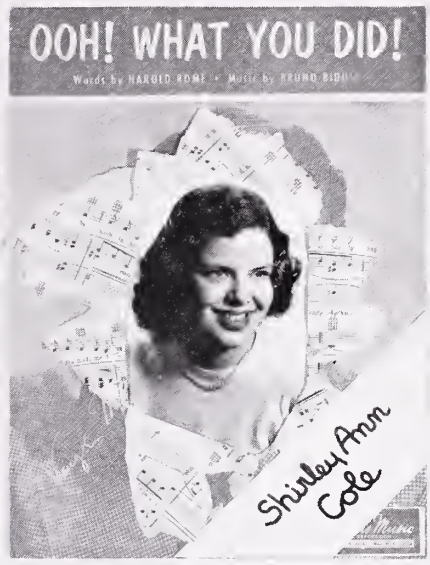
THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

BEST ATHLETE

BOB CLARKE

BEST LOOKING

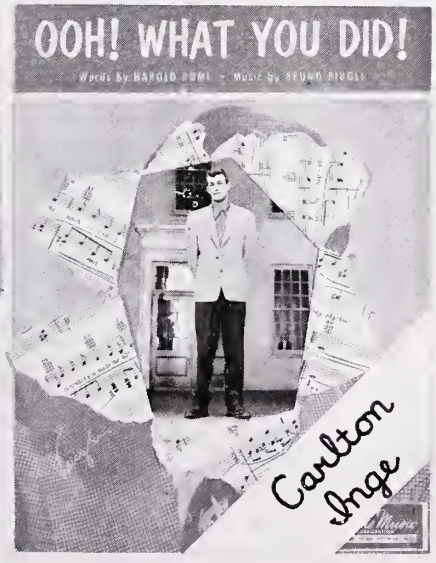
FEB.

CRAZIEST

BIGGEST FLIRT

1952

BEST LOOKING

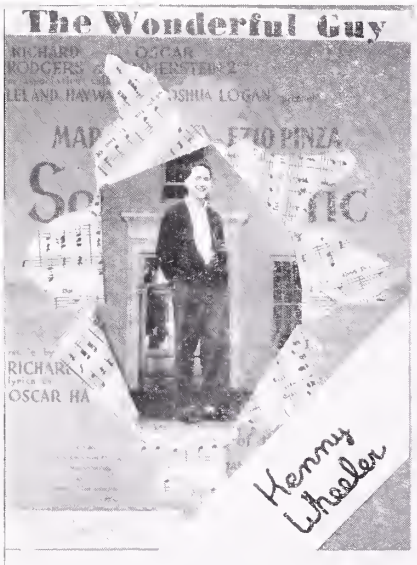
CRAZIEST



BIGGEST FLIRT

J.H.

BOB CLARK

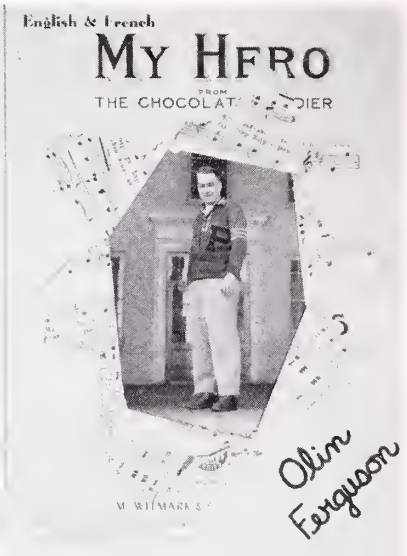


BEST ALL-ROUND BOY

WHO'S

BRAINIEST GUY

I HAVE IDEAS



BEST ATHLETE BOY

WHO

I'LL ALWAYS FOLLOW YOU

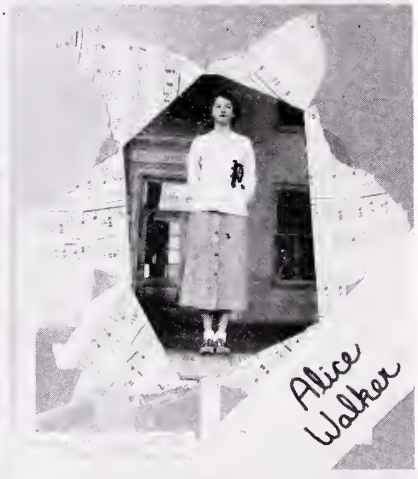
BEST GIRL ALL-ROUND

BRAINIEST GAL

I HAVE IDEAS

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

Music by Gen CHARLES G. DAWES Words by CARL SIGMAN



BEST GIRL ATHLETE

BOB AN JOCK

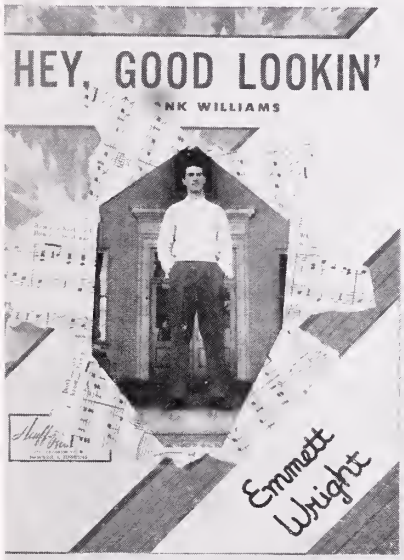
BEST LOOKING

JUNE

CRAZIEST

BIGGEST FLIRT

1952



BEST LOOKING

CRAZIEST

"OOOPS!"

BIGGEST FLIRT

J.H.

BOB CLARKE

Missile Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Business Manager ..... Clara Graham
Circulation Manager ..... Jimmy Wheatley
Art Editor ..... Donald James
Photographic Editor ..... Sally Knight
Faculty Advisers—Literary ..... Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.
Business ..... Mr. J. W. Sutherland
Circulation ..... Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Photograph ..... Mr. Edmund Congdon

First Row
Ruth Anna Taylor
Sally Knight
Jimmy Wheatley
Sarah Jane Ellis
Clara Graham
Donald James

Second Row
Ann Wagner
Harriet Wyche
Sandy Evans
Faye Pond
Rosalind Mollock
Catherine Blair

Third Row
Howard Sherman
Anna Baugh
Nancy Moore
Nancy Crowther
Fletcher Wright
Alfred Knight
Burton Alexander
Frank Strailman

Fourth Row
Mary Woodrum Jones
Jane Cone
Barbara Spaight
Betty Rafnell
Nancy Gailey
Anne Robertson
James Camp
Bobby Clarke

Fifth Row
Carol Fowlkes
Anita Lunsford
Kit Johnson
Ann Lawrence
Bobby Lee
Leslie Simmons
Jack Harvey
Frances Bailey

Sixth Row
Mr. E. B. Congdon
Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.
Mr. J. W. Sutherland

Faculty

Principal ..... Mr. R. B. Gill
Assistant Principal ..... Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.
Clerk ..... Audrey Cheeley
Clerk ..... Doris Curlin
Librarian ..... Mrs. Gladys Spencer

First Row
Russell B. Gill
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

Second Row
Ann VanLandingham
Helen Holbrook
Helen Searborough
Mary Bailey
Shirley Willeox
Catherine Hogge

Third Row
Audrey Cheely
Doris Curlin
Ellen Moyer
Katherine Warner
Mildred Evans
Frances Evans
Franees Browning
Frances Morgan

Fourth Row
Horace Knight
Pauline Robertson
Laura Meredith
Georgia West
Gladys Wilkinson
Gladys Speneer
Janie Reynolds
E. B. Congdon

Fifth Row
Ralph Stronach
J. W. Sutherland
D. Pinckney Powers
B. F. Alexander
Carter Murphy
E. B. Smoot
De Forest Strunk
Edward Swope
H. S. Holmes
E. L. Wilson

Student Council

Fall Term

President ..... Frank Pilcher
Vice-president ..... Billy Lamb
Secretary ..... Harriet Wyche
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ellen Moyer

Spring Term

President ..... Frank Pilcher
Vice-president ..... Jimmy Wheatley
Secretary ..... Carol Lavenstein
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ellen Moyer

"S", Starting at Bottom

Jimmy Wheatley
Fred Bebensee
Mac Francis
Ronnie Smith
Tucker Ramsey
Woodrow Traylor
Tom Berry
Jay Camp
Billy Chambers
Donald Lockett
Montie Swope
Sidney Sutherland
Jack Evans
Arlick Brockwell
Carol Lavenstein
Bill Feazel

"C", Clockwise

Jack Bortz
Douglas Temple
Jill Hesse
Arlene Riley
Joyce Robertson
Nancy Harville
Janice Wine
Nora Fields
Frank Strailman
Sandy Evans
Bobby Laney

Center

Frank Pilcher

Monitors

Fall Semester

President ..... Jimmy Wheatley
Vice-president ..... Billy Shiner
Secretary ..... Clara Graham
Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

Left to Right

Martha Ann Ryan
Mary Anna Cousins
Laura Mae Reames
Billy Lamb
Tommy Berry
Geraldine Norton
Anita Fletcher
Phyllis Gee
Pat Harris
Fletcher Wright
Frank Strailman
Paul Williams
Shirley Ann Cole
Woodrow Traylor
Sue Wilson
Shirley Perkins
Robert Miles
Lev Henderson
Olin Ferguson
Mike Wilkerson
Kay Sullivan
Jimmy Wheatley
Clara Graham
Billy Shiner
Billy Chambers
Jimmy Smith
Nelson Ramsey
Herbert Clark
Robert Davis
Mac Francis
"Cig" Howerton
Frank Pilcher
Donald Bonjonia
Shirley Jolly
Sarah Jane Ellis
Elizabeth Williams
Nancy Cheek
Sally Knight
Marea Moscoso
Barbara Spurr
Ruth Partin
Carolyn Harville
Barbara Jones

Behind Jimmy Wheatley
Mr. H. S. Holmes

The Band

Director ..... Mr. Ralph Stronach

Student Director ..... David James

First Row

Alton Mattox
Marshall Hughes
Jimmy Rust
Barbara Stanton
Donald Frenier
Pat Murdock

Second Row

Bonnie Little
Donald Lockett
Jack Bortz
Whitney Harwell
D'Este Poole
Carolyn Horne
Pete Branzelle
Sidney Sutherland
James Snead
Fred Clements
Betsey Bruner
Kay Scoggin
Carol Ann Torrence
John Johnson
Gene Porter

Third Row

Janet Petty
Clifford Kalb
Louise Tipton
Joanne Walker
Donald Ellington
Jacqueline Humphries
Bobby Walker
Nancy Blankenship
Tommy Burnette
Ronald Simon
Billy Hobeck
David Murdock

Fourth Row

Robert Myers
Edmund Gerry
Dabney Short
Elva Jane Winn
Ira Lee Andrews
Gerald Nobles
Joyce Jones
Kenneth Ellis
David James
Janice Wine
Shelby Jean Harrison
Robert Hatchell

Fifth Row

Billy Shiner
Jimmy Waugh
Mac Francis
Frank Jeffers
Robert Mayer
Lee Litchfield
Charles Hawkins
Connie Traylor
Donald Phelps
George Grutchfield
Donald Tipton
Butch Radford
Charles Poole
Robert Miles
Tommy Anderson

The Glee Club

President ..... Willie Mangum
Vice-president ..... Yvonne Caudle
Secretary ..... Kit Johnson
Treasurer ..... Joanne Bortz
Pianist ..... Betty Jean Britt
Librarian ..... Mary Talmage
Assistant Librarian ..... Joan Pate
Director ..... Miss Dorothy Wainwright

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*	*Fourth Row*
Betty Jean Britt	Anita Fletcher	Barbara Flye	Catherine Blair
Mary Talmage	Jean Talley	Joan Lemon	Betty Stanton
Joan Pate	Betty Paige Hart	Mildred Traylor	Jean Parrish
Joanne Bortz	Jane White	Kitta Mayfield	Jane Wade
Kit Johnson	Pat Kvasnicka	Gayle Swanson	Donna McElwain
Yvonne Caudle	Sibby Osmundson	Barbara Goodman	Louise Wade
Willie Mangum	Beverly Rosenbaum	Joyce Daniel	Anita Lunsford
Wade Munford	Delores Lyons	Elinor Dorsk	Peggy Craven
Ed Burton	Shirley Haddon	Phyllis Hirshhorn	Frances Bailey
Ronnie Smith	George Dempsey	Howard Minitree	Mary Allen Petrie
Bobby Howerton	Kenny Wheeler	Bruce Moore	Pat Harrell
Jack Harvey	Glenn Myrick	Skitchy Rudy	Betty Byrd Daniel
Howard Sherman	Tommy Marek	K. B. Maddrey	Shirley Hardy
	Donald Dykes	Arlick Brockwell	Paula Benchley
		Dick Engels	Joyce Baird
			Jeanette Baker
			Miss Wainwright

Sock and Buskin Society

Fall Term

President ..... Sue Wilson
Vice-president ..... Anita Fletcher
Secretary ..... Phyllis Gee
Treasurer ..... Dora Fields
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. E. L. Wilson

Spring Term

President ..... Anita Fletcher
Vice-president ..... Mildred Hall
Secretary ..... Phyllis Gee
Treasurer ..... Dora Fields
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. E. L. Wilson

First Row
Phyllis Gee
Anita Fletcher
Dora Fields

Second Row
Betty Mae Adams
Delores Lyons
Barbara Flye
Rosalind Mollock
Betty Sue Starr
Betty Walls

Third Row
Joan Lemon
Mary Allen Petrie
Nancy Gailey
Phyllis Miles
Beverly Gibbs
Monnette Lewis

Fourth Row
Ella Mae Dohr
Bonnie Little
Carol Lavenstein
Caroline Morris
Mildred Hall

Fifth Row
Kenny Ellis
Douglas Temple
Donald Struminger
David McCants

Sixth Row
Fletcher Wright
Gerald Nobles
Mr. Wilson

Not in Picture
Eddie Blacker

Cockadette Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... Mary Anna Cousins
News Editor ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Feature Editor ..... Elizabeth Williams
Sports Editor ..... Kenny Wheeler
Art Editor ..... Jeannine Fenderson
Business Editor ..... Robert Miles
Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

Spring Term

Editor-in-Chief ..... Elizabeth Williams
News Editor ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Feature Editor ..... Marea Moscoso
Sports Editor ..... Kenny Wheeler
Art Editor ..... Barbara Flye
Business Editor ..... Robert Miles
Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

First Row
Elizabeth Willams
Mary Anna Cousins

Second Row
Kenny Wheeler
Mildred Hall
Sarah Jane Ellis
Marea Moscoso
Ronnie Smith
Bettie Mae Adams
Miss Hogge

Third Row
Faye Pond
Phyllis Gee
Clara Graham
Bonnie Little
Catherine Blair
Mary Woodrum Jones
Carolyn Harville

Fourth Row
Shirley Ann Cole
Betty Jean Britt
Barbara Stanton
Tucker Ramsey
Kit Johnson
Mary Talmage
Nancy Moore

Fifth Row
Alice Walker
Ruth Anna Taylor

F. H. A. Club

President ..... Nancy Perdue
Vice-President ..... Jean Landrum
Secretary ..... (Fall) Anna Baugh
(Spring) Ann Poole
Treasurer ..... Parker Cunningham
Reporter ..... Faye Pond
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Helen Scarborough

Jena Acres
Betty Lou Addison
June Armistead
Peggy Baker
Catherine Bantor
Betty Baldwin
Anna Baugh
Joan Beach
Barbara Blankenship
Judy Bridgman
Peggy Brockwell
Beverly Cabaniss
Rochelle Caudle
Janet Congdon
Jean Corbett
Dian Cummings
Parker Cunningham
Charlotte Davis
Faye Davis
Betty Dennis
Janette Doss
Nancy Douglas
Kay Dunnivant
Lola Faison
Arie Fenderson
Jeanette Ford
Dottie Gill
Rosemary Gordon
Emily Greever
Sue Griffith
Doris Harper
Pat Harrell
Betty Paige Harte
Jill Hesse
Rose Marie Hogwood
Jo Anne Halloway
Pat Holt
Betty Hudson
Leilane Johnson
Barbara Jones
Frances Laine
Delores Landon
Jean Landrum
Lillian Lester
Irving Lewis
Carolyn Little
Anita Lunsford
Delores Lyons
Elma Mackey
Nancy Mallory
Virginia Marn
Winnie Mayton
Beverly McDowell
Phyllis Miles
Sue Moody
Mildred Moore
Caroline Morris
Betty Morrisette
Alease Palmore
Joan Parcells
Patty Patram
Catherine Paxton
Frances Perdue
Nancy Perdue
Faye Pond
Ann Poole
Judith Powell
Carole Price
Shirley Price
Carolyn Pritchett
Delores Puckett
Phyllis Rafnell
Betty Ratcliffe
Shirley Rigley
Carolyn Rollison
Elinor Ross
Joan Scott
Dorothy Seymour
Joyce Simmons
Joyce Skinner
Charlotte Slate
Betty Smith
Claudette Spenser
Jean Staples
Scottie Steele
Shirley Stevens
Jean Tench
Dorothy Tinney
Vera Trent
Mildred Traylor
Shirley Tyner
Pat Tudor
Yvonne Voshall
Louise Wade
Charlotte Wall
Betty Walls
Pat Wells
Mary Ann West
Carolyn Westbrook
Phyllis Whit
Jane White
Martha Wike
Peggy Wilburn
Patsy Wilkerson
Jean Williams
Vivian Williams
Patsy Worley
Joan Wright

Distributive Education Club

President ..... Willie Mangum
Vice-president ..... Jean Jones
Secretary ..... Barbara Bristow
Treasurer ..... Morris Robertson
Editor-Promotion Manager ..... Barbara Flye
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Evelyn Colie

First Row
Willie Mangum

Second Row
Jean Jones
Barbara Bristow

Third Row
Barbara Flye
James Byrd
Morris Robertson

Fourth Row
John Stucky
Phyllis Kamm
Delores Cousins
Lloyd Sholes

Fifth Row
Charles Porter
Robert Pritchett
Donald Dykes
Bobby Perkins

Sixth Row
Miss Colie
Donald Cousins
Gene Porter
Charles Brooks

Commercial Club

President ..... Betty Jane Shaekelford
Vice-president ..... Jeanette Walker
Secretary ..... Dorothy Wawner
Treasurer ..... Charlotte Harrison
Reporter ..... Betty Walls
Adviser ..... Miss Janie Lee Reynolds

Betty Mac Adams
Betty Lou Addison
Joyce Bailey
Betty Sue Baldwin
Wanda Bowman
Judy Bridgman
Elsie Brownlee
Arline Burnett
Beverly Cabaniss
Betty Jane Carrel
Jean Corbett
Charlotte Davis
Faye Davis
Nancy Dobson
Nora Fields
Barbara Flye
Carole Fowlkes
Joyce Gates
Shirley Haddon
Charlotte Harrison
Rose Marie Hogwood
Frankie Mae Hood
Shelby Johnson
Jo Jones
Shirley Jones
Betty Love Keys
Cazell Kirkland
Joan Lemon
Carolyn Little
Delores Lyons
Nancy Mallory
Frances McGee
Phyllis Miles
Mildred Moore
Pat Moore
Grace Outlaw
Alease Palmore
Elaine Perkins
Janet Petty
Ann Poole
Margaret Powell
Carole Price
Dolores Puckett
Betty Radcliffe
Shirley Rigby
Barbara Richardson
Christine Scott
Betty Jane Shackelford
Joyce Sherrill
Joyce Simmons
Charlotte Slate
Betty Smith
Claudette Spencer
Doris Stark
Frances Stone
Jean Talley
Levy Tanner
Louise Wade
Jane Wade
Charlotte Wall
Betty Walls
Delma Walls
Jeanette Walker
Barbara Wawner
Dorothy Wawner
Betty Wightman
Wendy Wilkerson
Jean Williams

Le Cercle Francais

Fall Term

President ..... Faye Pond
Vice-president ..... Ronnie Shanklin
Secretary-treasurer ..... Anne Shortt
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Spring Term

President ..... Faye Pond
Vice-president ..... Rosalind Mollock
Secretary-treasurer ..... Anne Shortt
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Counter-clockwise

Rosalind Mollock
Faye Pond
Anne Shortt
Cameron Hall
Bill Scott
Catherine Blair
Barbara Goodman
Betty Hinton
Anne Robertson
Ronnie Smith
Norman Wong
Bonnie Little
Mary Allen Petrie
Billie Parker
Shirley Perkins

Not in Picture

Shirley Ann Cole
Barbara Jones
Ronnie Shanklin
Pat Harris

Spanish Club

Fall Term

President ..... Marea Moscoso
Vice-president ..... Carolyn Harville
Secretary ..... Jean Kirkland
Treasurer ..... Joyce Long
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Gladys E. Wilkinson

Spring Term

President ..... Joyce Long
Vice-president ..... Floretta Klinger
Secretary ..... Marea Moscoso
Treasurer ..... Nancy Crowther
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Gladys E. Wilkinson

First Row
Ann Wagner
Joyce Long
Marea Moscoso
Jean Kirkland
Carolyn Harville

Seeond Row
Anita Webb
Vivian Williams
Nancy Crowther
Nancy Moore
Phyllis Kamm

Third Row
Robert Scott
Mac Clarke
Miss Wilkinson
Floretta Klinger

Those not in picture
Yolanda Saladino
Lynne Schellberg
Sue Browder
Carolyn Rollison
Raymond Pamplin
Page Tipton

Girls' Monogram Club

Fall Term

President ..... Barbara Bolte
Vice-president ..... Alice Walker
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Nancy Perdue
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

Spring Term

President ..... Alice Walker
Vice-president ..... Anna Baugh
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Nancy Cheek
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row

Barbara Bolte
Alice Walker
Jean Landrum
Barbara Stanton
Anita Webb
Joan Beach
Kit Johnson
Nancy Perdue
Lucille Watson
Shirley Spain
Elizabeth Bowen
Bonnie Little
Ruth Anna Taylor
Anna Baugh
Catherine Blair
Faye Pond
Nancy Cheek

At Side

Miss VanLandingham

Square Circle

Fall Term

President ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Vice-president ..... Harriet Wyche
Secretary-treasurer ..... Mary Woodrum Jones
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Harrison Willcox

Spring Term

President ..... Harriet Wyche
Vice-president ..... Than Penington
Secretary-treasurer ..... Janet Butler
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mildred Evans

First Row
Mary Woodrum Jones
Sarah Jane Ellis
Harriet Wyche

Second Row
Barbara Winfield
Margaret Hunter
Ann Lawrence
Janet Butler
Than Pennington

Third Row
Barbara Goodman
Marea Moscoso

Fourth Row
Carolyn Harville
Billie Parker
Lynne Schellberg
Lisa Goodman
Mrs. Willcox

Fifth Row
Elizabeth Williams
Lou Leslie
Rosalind Mollock
Skippy Richards

Those not in picture
Nancy Moore
Bryant Pope

Odd Girls Club

Fall Term

President ..... Barbara Spurr
Vice-president ..... Kay Sullivan
Secretary ..... Shirley Perkins
Treasurer ..... Shirley Ann Cole
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

Spring Term

President ..... Kay Sullivan
Secretary ..... Ann Wagner
Treasurer ..... Peggy Woodruff
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

First Row
Kay Sullivan
Barbara Spurr
Shirley Perkins
Nancy Harville
Pat Vaiden
Ruth Partin

Second Row
Ann Wagner
Joanne Bortz
Jean Jones
Barbara Jones
Joan Pate
Phyllis Gee
Wendy Wilkinson
Yvonne Caudle

Third Row
Miss Hogge
Betty Sullivan
Jeannine Fenderson
Peggy Woodruff
Betty Jean Britt

Those not in picture
Nancy Fowler
Shirley Ann Cole
Shirley Vaughan
Betty Lou Cole
Pat Kvasnicka

Goober Pep Club

Fall Term

President ..... Sally Knight
Vice-president ..... Clara Graham
Secretary-treasurer ..... Barbara Jones
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Elizabeth Peak

Spring Term

President ..... Clara Graham
Vice-president ..... Betty Hinton
Secretary-treasurer ..... Pat Harris
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Elizabeth Peak

First Step
Sally Knight

Second Step
Yolanda Saladino
Clara Graham

Third Step
Betty Hinton
Sue Wilson

Fourth Step
Nell Roper
Pret Roper
Shirley Jolly

Fifth Step
Gerry Norton
Nancy Crowther
Barbara Jones

Sixth Step
Laura Mae Reames

Against building
Charlotte Pugh
Pat Harris
Betsy Bruner
D'Este Poole
Miss Peak

Those not in picture
Jean Tench
Carol Lavenstein
Kit Johnson
Susan Elliott
Kitta Mayfield

Cockade Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Mac Francis
Vice-president ..... Billy Lamb
Secretary ..... Page Sutherland
Treasurer ..... Ronnie Smith
Chaplain ..... Tucker Ramsey
Adviser ..... Bill Cato

Spring Term

President ..... Mac Francis
Vice-president ..... Jay Camp
Secretary ..... Donald James
Treasurer ..... Ronnie Smith
Chaplain ..... Jimmy Wheatley
Adviser ..... Bill Cato

First Row
Mac Francis

Second Row
Donald James
Jay Camp

Third Row
Jimmy Wheatley
Ronnie Smith
Sandy Evans

Fourth Row
Bill Cato
James Whelan
Tom Berry
Alfred Knight
Read McGehee

Fifth Row
Fletcher Wright
David James
Olin Ferguson
Sidney Sutherland
Billy Lamb
Bobby Corter

Sixth Row
Bobby Traylor
Enders Parker
Jimmy Rust
Bobby Hatchett
Tueker Ramsey
Herbert Clark
Frank Pileher

Seventh Row
Burton Alexander
Dan Moore

Those not in picture
Jack Harvey

Crater Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Kenneth Ellis
Vice-president ..... Henry Chapman
Seeretary ..... George Wilkinson
Treasurer ..... Ronald Harrell
Advisers ..... Dr. William Davis
Mr. William Lewis

Spring Term

President ..... Kenneth Ellis
Vice-president ..... Bill Feazel
Seeretary ..... Albert Seward
Treasurer ..... Ronald Harrell
Advisers ..... Dr. William Davis
Mr. William Lewis

Clockwise
(Starting Center of Front Row)

Kenneth Ellis
Bill Feazel
John McDonald
Hugh Moore
George Wilkinson
Bill Grossman
Nick Ruffin
Fred Swearinger
Dabney Short
Jack Rackley
Henry McGill
Montie Swope
Howard Sherman
Otis Morman
Walter Eley
Donald Tubb
Robert Miles
Billy Hobeck
Billy Shiner

K. Warner Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Anna Baugh
Vice-president ..... Faye Pond
Secretary ..... Nancy Perdue
Treasurer ..... Phyllis Gee
Chaplain ..... Jean Landrum
Adviser ..... Miss Frances Evans

Spring Term

President ..... Anna Baugh
Vice-president ..... Phyllis Gee
Secretary ..... Faye Pond
Treasurer ..... Ruth Tipton
Chaplain ..... Janice Wine
Adviser ..... Miss Frances Evans

First Row
Nancy Perdue
Phyllis Gee
Anna Baugh
Faye Pond
Jean Landrum
Alice Walker

Second Row
Barbara Flye
Millie Traylor
Lottie Fisher
Jean Tench
Ruth Tipton
Joyce Bailey

Third Row
Ann Schmitz
Anita Lunsford
Frances Bailey
Lucille Watson
Parker Cunningham
Betty Love Keys
Delores Lyons

Fourth Row
June Pond
Ann Shortt
Delores Cousins
Charlotte Wall
Frances Gardner
Sarah Spain
Janice Wine

T. Albright Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Ann Wagner
Vice-president ..... Barbara Spurr
Secretary ..... Peggy Woodruff
Treasurer ..... Joyce Long
Chaplain ..... Pat Vaiden
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Helen Holbrook

Spring Term

President ..... Ann Wagner
Vice-president ..... Nancy Harville
Secretary ..... Shirley Jolly
Treasurer ..... Joyce Long
Chaplain ..... Ruth Partin
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Helen Holbrook

First Row, Front to Back
Ann Wagner
Joyce Long
Peggy Woodruff
Wendy Wilkinson

Second Row, Front to Back
Nancy Harville
Barbara Goodman
Pat Vaiden

Back Row
Joan Pate
Shirley Ann Cole
Nancy Fowler
Joanne Bortz
Yolanda Saladino
Yvonne Caudle
Charlotte Pugh
Kit Johnson
Ruth Partin
Kay Sullivan

At Side
Miss Holbrook

Pence Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Vice-president ..... Sally Knight
Secretary ..... Pat Harris
Treasurer ..... Carolyn Harville
Chaplain ..... Nancy Crowther
Adviser ..... Miss Pat Donnan

Spring Term

President ..... Sarah Jane Ellis
Vice-president ..... Betty Hinton
Secretary ..... Lou Leslie
Treasurer ..... Nancy Moore
Chaplain ..... Nancy Crowther
Adviser ..... Miss Pat Donnan

First Row
Sarah Jane Ellis

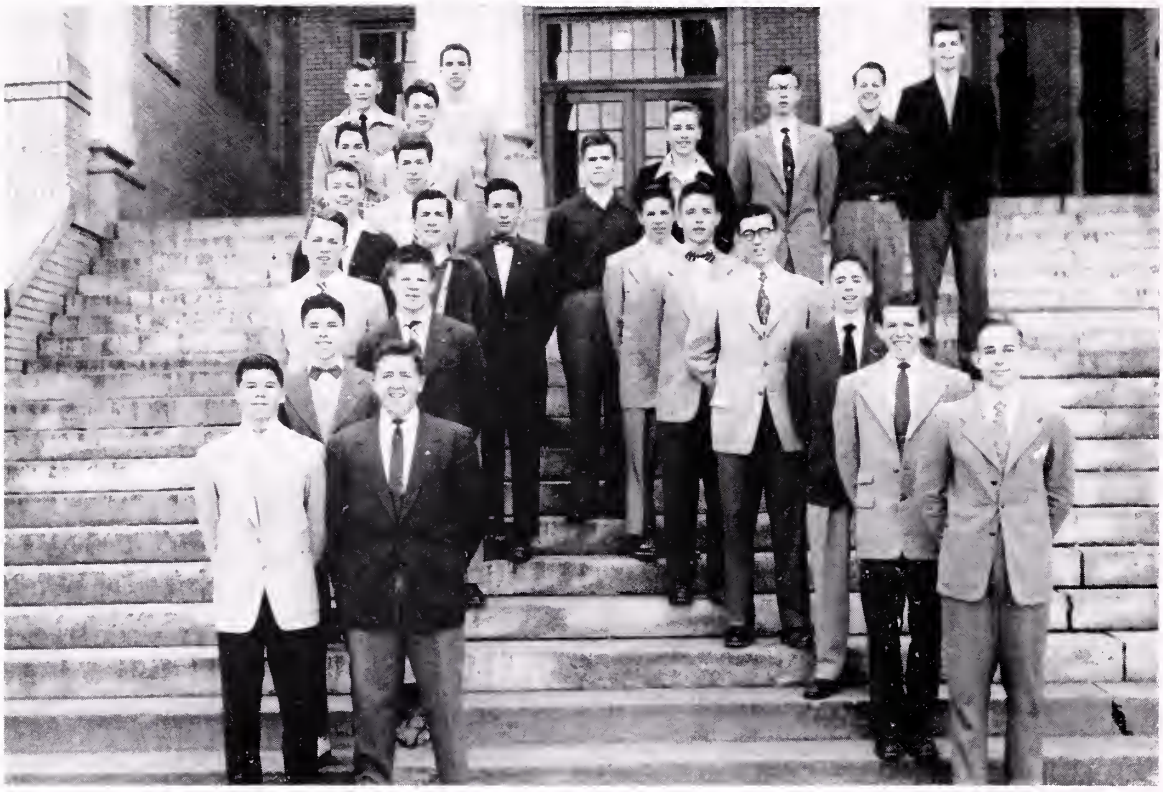
Second Row
Betty Hinton
Lou Leslie

Third Row
Nancy Moore
Nancy Crowther
Carolyn Harville

Fourth Row
Lisa Goodman
Sally Knight
Elizabeth Williams
Clara Graham

Fifth Row
Marea Moscoso
Betty Stanton
Sarah Taylor
Betty Sue Starr
Skippy Richards

Sixth Row
Mary Woodrum Jones
Ann Lawrence
Janet Butler
Phyllis Tatum
Pret Roper
Nell Roper
Harriet Wyche



Key Club

Fall Term

President ..... Billy Lamb
Vice-president ..... Donald James
Secretary ..... Sandy Evans
Treasurer ..... Billy Shiner

Spring Term

President ..... Ronnie Smith
Vice-president ..... Donald James
Secretary ..... Sandy Evans
Treasurer ..... Sidney Sutherland

First Row, Front to Back

Billy Lamb
Donald James
Sidney Sutherland
Oliver Rudy
Jimmy Rust
Bobby Duncan

Second Row, Front to Back

Ronnie Smith
Sandy Evans
Woodrow Traylor
Jimmy Wheatley
Kenny Ellis
Jerry Moyer

Third Row, Front to Back

Jack Bortz
Mac Francis
Jack Harvey
Frank Strailman
Read McGehee
John G. Francis
Bill Stevenson
Billy Shiner
Jay Camp
Donald Lockett
Arlick Brockwell
Frank Pilcher

Library Staff

Fall Term

President ..... Anita Fletcher
Vice-president ..... Philip Underwood
Secretary-treasurer ..... Eva Talbott
Reporter ..... Donald Struminger
Librarian ..... Mrs. Gladys Spencer

Spring Term

President ..... Anita Fletcher
Vice-president ..... Philip Underwood
Secretary-treasurer ..... Shirley Haddon
Reporter ..... Donald Struminger
Librarian ..... Mrs. Gladys Spencer

Sitting

Rose Jackson
Minnie Harrup
Frances Bailey
Rose Hogwood
Christine Seott
Joyce Driskill
Ann Wheeler
Sonja Titmus
Ella Mae Dohr
Shirley Haddon
John McDonald
Judy Bridgeman
Philip Underwood
Joan Lemon
Mrs. Spencer

Standing

Bill Scott
LaVerne Smith
Bobby Matthews
Bill Storey
Donald Struminger
Anita Fletcher
Robert Davis

Not in Picture

Eva Talbott
Virginia Bowery
Howard Harrison
Joan Daughtry
Lillian Lester
Martha Ann Ryan
Cora Lee Taylor

Projection Crew

Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

First Row
Tom Berry
Mae Francis
Robert Miles
David James

Secnod Row
Billy Hobeck
David McGehee
Wade Munford
Kenny Ellis

Third Row
Woodrow Traylor
Robert Mayer
Billy Shiner
Clifton Sanford

Fourth Row
Billy Chambers
Thomas Walters
Donald Ellington

Varsity Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... Barbara Spurr
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row	*Second Row*
Barbara Spurr	Billy Lamb
Janet Butler	Fletcher Wright
Charlotte Pugh	Frank Strailman
Betty Hinton	Ronnie Smith
Sally Knight	
Laura Mae Reames	
Miss Mary Bailey	

Junior Varsity Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leaders ..... Nell Roper
Pret Roper

Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row

Pret Roper
Nell Roper

Second Row

Miss Bailey
Mary Woodrum Jones
Lynne Schellberg
Shirley Jolly
Yolanda Saladino
Phyllis Gee
Nancy Fowler

Football Team

Captain ..... "Cig" Howerton
Managers ..... Terry Collett, Tucker Ramsey, David McGehee
Coaches ..... Mr. Roland C. Day, Mr. Robert Kilbourne, Mr. Robert Eason, Mr. William Safko, Mr. Randolph Mallory, Mr. Johnny Brockwell

First Row
Dick Engels
Jack Rose
Woody Traylor
Olin Ferguson
Jerry Moyer
"Cig" Howerton
Frank Pilcher
Emmett Wright
Page Sutherland
John Myers
K. B. Maddrey

Second Row
John Hamlin
Kenny Wheeler
Bruce Moore
Oliver Rudy
Joe Watson
Billy Engels
Paul Williams
Jimmy Wheatley
Nelson Ramsey
Sandy Evans
Stewart Douglas
Ed Burton

Third Row
Jack Evans
George Dempsey
Arlick Brockwell
Fred Swearinger
Henry Chapman
Jimmy Perrow
Read McGehee
Irving Sanford
Claiborne Ramsey
Bobby Duncan
Nick Ruffin
Dick Vaughan
James Whelan

Fourth Row
Bobby Walker
Randolph Hinkle
David Young
Henry McGill
Richard Bowman
Leslie Bowman
Harold Burcham
Roland Bowles
George Wilkinson
Lloyd Pugh
Fred Gill
T. R. Traylor

Fifth Row
Douglas Vaughan
Barry Spero
Stanley Kamm
Sherman Lubman
Ronald Harrell
Sidney Sutherland
Tommy Burnett
Winston Leath
James Adler
Jay Camp
C. W. Wray
Robert Powell
David Moring
Bobby Laney

Boys' Basketball Team

Manager ..... Bobby Clarke
Coach ..... Bob Kilbourne

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Jimmy Smith	John Stucky	Weldon Peterson
Clarence Dodson	Wade Munford	Bobby Walker
"Cig" Howerton	Tucker Ramsey	Curt Adkins
Herbert Clarke	Leslie Simmons	Jerry Moyer
"Skitchy" Rudy	Frank Pilcher	Nelson Ramsey

Baseball Team

Co-Captain ..... Jay Camp
Co-Captain ..... Woody Traylor
Co-Manager ..... Bobby Davis
Co-Manager ..... Jack Harvey
Coaches ..... Mr. Randy Mallory
Mr. Johnny Brockwell

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Carroll Rodgers	Wade Munford	Johnny Brockwell
Prinee Fuller	Woody Traylor	Jerry Moyer
Jimmy Smith	Mastin Kitchen	Bobby Hatchett
Wally Underhill	Kenny Wheeler	Clarence Dodson
Bernard Saxon	Enders Parker	Jay Camp
Skitchy Rudy	Dougie Vaughan	Bobby Duncan
Eugene Thompson	Tommy Leath	Leslie Bowman
		Frankie Crumpler
		Billy Chambers
		Randy Mallory

Hockey Squad

Co-Captains: Barbara Bolte
Alice Walker

First Row

Arline Burnett
Nancy Cheek
Elizabeth Bowen
Juanita Puryear
Anita Webb
Barbara Bolte
Alice Walker
Kit Johnson
Ruth Anna Taylor
Barbara Stanton
Joan Beach
Catherine Blair

Second Row

Miss VanLandingham
June Walker
Joyce Simmons
Helen Harlow
Beverly Bowman
Mary Talmage
Nancy Gill
Joyce Daniel
Virginia Slade

Girls' Basketball Team

Co-Captain ..... Kit Johnson
Co-Captain ..... Ruth Anna Taylor
Co-Manager ..... Jean Parrish
Co-Manager ..... Mary Talmage
Coach ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Bonnie Little	Nancy Radcliffe	Mary Talmage
Alice Walker	Joan Beach	Sarah Taylor
Kit Johnson	Shelby Harrison	Betty Addison
Ruth Anna Taylor	Elizabeth Bowen	Helen Harlow
Jean Landrum	Carol Lavenstein	Miss VanLandingham
Anita Webb		

AUTOGRAPHS

"I Hear America Singing"

Prologue....

By SARAH JANE ELLIS

THE POEM, "I Hear America Singing," by Walt Whitman, calls to mind a very interesting theme for this year's "Missile". We broadened the meaning just a little and interpreted this poem as talking about the different customs and different kinds of lives carried on in the parts of the United States. By taking many different sections of the United States, I think we have well represented our country.

Many students in our school have lived in various parts of our country. We have asked them to give you their thoughts and feelings concerning what they saw, learned, and heard about these sections. Some have lived up north and choose to tell of some of their impressions of that part of the country. Some have lived quite far South and think that that is the only part of the country even to dream about. Still others have lived in the mid-west and far-west and can tell of only these states, and there was one among us who has even lived in Hawaii, one of the United States' possessions. No matter where they have lived or what section of the country holds their hearts, they have attempted to let us know the life that continues to go on all over America. They have described in prose the things Walt Whitman suggested in poetry in "I Hear America Singing".

WARE HOUSE
Don James

The Big City

by BEVERLEY ROSENBAUM

WHAT A wonderful feeling it must be for the immigrants who come to this country for the first time to see the tall, bronze statute of a young girl with a torch in one hand and a book in the other. Of course, the statute is none other than the famous Statue of Liberty, and the first city that one would see after landing in this country would be New York.

Small wonder that America has been called "the melting pot of the world". New York City is a perfect example of this. Being in the Big City is like being in all of the countries of the world put together. Here you find people from all corners of the world, and here, too, you can hear almost any language.

One of the most interesting things that I found out about New York is that it is a city of many contrasts. In one part of New York I saw slums — real slums, while in the next block I saw some of the most beautiful apartment houses imaginable. As for places of interest — New York has no rival. On one of my trips to this wonderful city, I visited the Bronx Park, which consists of the Bronx Zoo and the Botanical Gardens. I found this to be one of the most fascinating things in New York. Here I saw animals that I never dreamed existed. I would have been content to spend the whole day at the zoo, but I also wanted to see the famous Botanical Gardens. Never have I seen so much beauty concentrated in one spot! Having spent quite an eventful day in the Bronx Park, I decided to postpone the rest of my sightseeing until the following day.

The next treat that was in store for me was a general tour of the city, in which I saw Rockefeller Center, and Macy's and Gimbel's, two department stores which are cities in themselves. To top it all, this exciting day ended with a visit to Radio City and a view of the Big City at night. Broadway with its many neon signs and colorful lights was indeed a spectacle in itself!

Sights such as these just described can be enjoyed by rich and poor alike. It doesn't take a rich person to feel the excitement of looking down from the top of the Empire State Building, nor does it take a rich person to enjoy walking through Central Park and feeding the pigeons on a sunny afternoon.

Many New Yorkers might have laughed at the small town girl who got a crick in her neck from looking up at the tall skyscrapers, but chances are that that small town girl saw more of New York in the week that she spent there than the average New Yorker sees in a life time.

Where God Is The Light

By ROBERT MYERS

The stars in the sky are the jewels so rare
That twinkle aloft in God's flowing hair,
Each shining forth with a radiant glow,
Each proud to be part of this heavenly show.
And the moon up above is a pearl looking down,
That rests on the crest of God's regal crown,
Thus bathing the night with its light from above,
A symbol of God's great power and love.
It's here that the beauties of nature are stored,
Here high in the heavens where no man has soared.
It's here in the depths of the darkness of night
Where God is the ruler, where God is the light.

Preference

By FRANK STRAILMAN

Some love to dream of a babbling brook,
When flowing on its way,
Across the meadow 'round a nook,
As it softly seeks a bay.
Some love to lie by the brook and listen
To it sing its perpetual song;
Always the gurgling water will glisten,
While murmuring along.
I fancy not a brook so slow,
But a rushing roaring stream,
As it dashes madly to and fro,
Is what is in my dream.

Gloucester, Massachusetts

by SALLY KNIGHT

OF ALL the towns and cities I have visited Gloucester, Massachusetts was probably the most interesting to me. My family left for the New England beaches one summer several years ago with the intention of showing my brother and me the ocean for the first time. While there, one of us got the bright idea that we should go to Gloucester, which was not far from where we were staying, and have ourselves a wonderful sea food dinner. Just outside of town we came upon the funniest little house I had ever seen. Approaching it we found that, built in 1640, it was the oldest house standing in New England. The outside was of weathered clapboard and there were countless numbers of tiny panes in the windows. Inside, the fireplace was located between the only two rooms on the first floor. It opened into both, therefore supplying heat throughout the house. When I walked in I felt as if I were stepping back a few hundred years as the house was furnished with the same furniture that had been used in it when it was built. It appeared very scanty and bare to me, but upstairs the bedrooms were lovely with their four-poster beds and canopied tops. Stepping back into our modern sunny day, we again headed for Gloucester.

On entering the town I noticed that in the older section the streets were narrow and winding. The tiny old houses were built very close to the street which I later found to be so that the inhabitants would not become snowbound during the rugged northern winters. Before we had gone very far the most unpleasant odor of fish descended upon us like a hot blanket. Although we were still several miles from the shore, we could smell the fish that were being brought in on the fishing schooners. The odor was almost too much for me and I never did get used to it although we stayed there all day. As we neared the harbor I could see the huge masts of the boats and I was stricken with awe. I had never seen an ocean boat before and I had pictured the fishing boats as being much smaller than they were. I walked out on the piers and beheld one of the strangest sights that I had ever seen. A boat-load of red perch had just docked and the men were hauling the small fish out of the hold in buckets on a pulley. They were dumped on the pier where more men shoveled them into wagons with what appeared to me to be coal shovels. This crude method of unloading the fish amazed me and I doubt if I shall ever appreciate fish again after seeing them thrown around like so much coal. The huge number of them overwhelmed me also and the ship seemed as if it must be bottomless. On the wagons the fish were taken to old weather-worn shacks on the pier where I was told they were sorted and packed in ice. However, I did not venture inside as the stench out in the open air was nearly unbearable.

We later had our fresh sea food dinner and went back to our beach home. I doubt if I shall ever forget the quaint sights at Gloucester. The town itself looked as if it were out of the pages of a story book. The people's methods and the over-all appearance seemed out of place in our modern world.

LES
SIMMONS

The Keystone State

by JACK BORTZ

THE FOLLOWING is a verbal portrait of Pennsylvania, my State. Its history dates back to before the Revolutionary period – the proud history of a proud State.

Reading, my home town, is nestled down in the shadow of Mt. Penn and the Neversink Mountains. An air of rustic beauty surrounds the town. The area all around is rich in coal and iron.

Upon Mt. Penn, which I have often climbed with my cousins, stand two very peculiar structures. They command a view of all Reading and the surrounding country. One is a tall slender structure of about five stories. It is known as the "observation tower". Surrounding it is a beautiful park. Adjacent to it, and on the crest of Mt. Penn is a hotel. Now abandoned, it is a tourist attraction.

The other is called the "Pagoda." As the name suggests, it is a Chinese building, though not for the Chinese, but for the tourists. There are five stories and from each is a turned up roof. At night when it is alight it presents a unique view from the town.

Little two-lane roads wind through the beautiful Pennsylvania Mountains, past quaint stone farmhouses nestled in a little valley or beside a sparkling clear stream. As you drive along the roads you may see oil derricks or coke furnaces, indicating the resources of the land.

At times there are little streams that run through the woods and over stone dams presenting a panorama of indescribable beauty. Sometimes they run through an old grist mill, the wheels of some still being turned.

On the roads one may encounter a Mennonite in his grey one-horse wagon. The Mennonites are a religious group that disapprove of any progress, saying it is against God's will. They wear simple clothes of grey. The men commonly have beards. They don't use cars, telephones, indoor bathrooms, or any of the things we consider necessities.

In the valleys you may see a barn with a queer circular design of great size. To the superstitious people these bring good crops, but in reality they are not necessary, for the land is so fertile that during the early days of the Colony someone dropped a half-pound of nails. These took root and grew into one of the country's richest iron deposits.

The people of Pennsylvania are of Dutch and German descent for the most part. They are known as the Pennsylvania Dutch and speak a peculiar dialect. The best way to describe a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman would be to say he is short and fat. He loves pretzels, beer, and cheese.

That is a view of a great cog in the American wheel, the Keystone State.

JACK HARVEY

Natural Bridge

by MARY SKIPWITH RICHARDS

IN Rockbridge County, Virginia, spanning the same stream that carved its huge opening, Natural Bridge stands as one of the world's natural wonders. This great limestone arch, hewn centuries ago by wind and water, is similar in size and structure to the colossal Rainbow Bridge, Utah, and Pont d'Arc, Vallon, France. However, Natural Bridge, Virginia, in true American tradition, can be said to work for its living. A busy highway goes over it, making it the world's only great natural bridge.

Several years ago I was visiting in Lexington, Virginia, and, one extremely warm summer evening, I had the privilege of visiting "the rock", as it is often referred to by many citizens. The fourteen-mile drive through the beautiful neighboring countryside was delightful, and, although I was greatly interested in seeing the bridge, I had no idea of the treat before me. What I had expected to be only another interesting and pleasant sightseeing trip turned out to be a thrilling experience, for which the post-card and geography book pictures had scarcely prepared me.

Visitors to Natural Bridge walk down a steep pathway to the valley where the best view of this majestic and impressive spectacle is obtained. It is cool and quiet in the valley, and one looks up at the bridge, as one should. Towering 215 feet above the stream below, it has a span of ninety feet, and is from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet wide. It is truly a great rock, a wonder of which our country may be justly proud. We are told that George Washington surveyed it and that Thomas Jefferson once owned it and some of the surrounding country as a grant from the king.

On summer evenings the arch is illuminated by floodlights which bathe it alternately in soft and brilliant lights, while, from a concealed amplifier on the hillside, the valley is filled with beautiful organ music and the story of Creation. As one listens to the sweet strains of Grieg's "Morning" from the "Peer Gynt Suite", hears the thrilling words of the Scriptures, and then listens to the notes of Wagner's "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser" fill the air, a mood is created. One is filled with awe before the miracle, the miracle of the little stream that carved this mighty arch.

Young Love

By SHIRLEY PERKINS

Oh wishful words that warm my heart,
Perchance that he might look
Upon my face this very day —
My prince from a fairy tale book.

I can not eat; no longer sleep
Comes to me in the night;
The tingle in his voice remains,
To add to my delight.

I do not know what makes me grow
So thrilled when he is near;
My heart begins to beat like drums,
My first true love — is here!

One day this feeling went away
I found somebody new;
In all the years that followed fast
My loves were quite a few.

This is young love, its pains are deep,
But quickly pass away;
Someday I'll find another prince
Whose love was meant to stay.

A Dog

By MARY ANNA COUSINS

A dog
Will bark at you,
But wag its tail to say,
"I am your friend. Will you please be
My friend?"

The Cherokee Indians

by NANCY CHEEK

PROBABLY the first Indians seen by the early settlers when they landed on the shores of America were of the now comparatively small tribe of the Cherokee Indians.

In this day and time little is heard or seen of these only true Americans as they are forced to live on a reservation located in the mountains of North Carolina.

Upon visiting this reservation, one would hardly realize that these were the Indians of the early days and the Indians heard of in wild massacre stories.

Many of these Indians live in nice homes similar to those of modern American families. Their children attend public schools and often further their education in college. The men of these families hold positions of any other competent men.

Just as many Indians have adjusted themselves to the modern way of life, many have followed in the footsteps of their forefathers. They live in huts built similar to those of their ancestors and also carry on the occupations of pottery-making, weaving, and farming as in the early days. Even though their children attend qualified schools, they retain little of what they are taught as their parents do not encourage them along the line of education.

These are the Indians that supply the trinkets, pottery, and blankets for the tourists. They dress in their native garb and hold dances and celebrations traditional to them. Some few tourists are allowed to see some of the homes.

The Indians have a tendency to worship their ancestors, but through the aid of missionaries sent by the Baptists, Catholics, and other denominations, many have been converted. They still hold the traditional ceremonies of marriage and death in spite of their knowledge of life after death. They bury as many articles with their people as they think they will be able to use after they die.

These Americans are typical of the people of the early days after Columbus.

Night and Day

By FRED BEBENSEE

When shadows fall, and all is still,
When feathered throats have ceased their trill,
'Tis then bright stars rise, astral sheen,
'Tis then the moon reigns, celestial Queen,
She bathes my soul in heavenly light,
Holds deep in my heart the holy night.

Then comes the dawn, so warm and rare,
Then mounts the sun, with flaming hair,
To send forth his rays of life, and cheer,
To herald his rule, both far and near,
And as he holds this proud display,
I share with all the new born day.

Don
James

The Oldest Wooden School House

by BARBARA JONES

THE oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, Florida. The oldest wooden schoolhouse in the United States is located there.

This schoolhouse is one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. The old building is on St. George Street, just south of the City Gates, in an area which is referred to in old documents as "The Greek Settlement". This structure, built by the Spaniards, and at one time used as a lodging for the Gate Guards, was to become the location of a school unique in the history of education in this country.

The old doorstep was worn from use. The main room in which students were taught was about seventeen by twenty feet. Dummies of the students were seated on the benches. The benches were made of split logs. The dummy of the master was a very good imitation. There are scars left on the master's desk from the many hard raps he made. Advanced students were permitted to use a chair which was placed at the teacher's desk to practice their penmanship. On a very high stool, in one corner, sat the dunce. A large dunce cap was on his head. On one side of the room, under the staircase, was a closet. When the pupils misbehaved, they were placed in the closet for punishment.

The teacher taught his pupils how to make pens from feathers of large birds. Ink was made by the teacher and sold to increase his income. Paper was scarce and was used only for important matters, such as the bills which the teacher wrote for his services. The pupils paid twelve cents each day they attended school. Young students practised writing on smooth slabs of stone with a piece of soapstone. In the center of the room was a large stone fireplace. Each pupil had to bring his share of pineknots to keep the fire burning.

Above the classroom, the Master had his quarters. His old furniture still remained there. As I left the schoolhouse, I noticed an old vine which was in front of the window. This vine was planted during the time of the Spaniards, although the exact date when the schoolhouse was built is not known.

As I left the schoolhouse, I could hear the old bell calling the children of long ago, "Come — Come Now — Come."

Fact and Fancy

By ROSALIND MOLLOCK

Awake

I lay awake as hours went by;
I thought that I must shout or cry.
First to my left and then my right
I tossed about with no delight.

I heard the bathroom faucet leak,
The stammering water finally speak;
My sister's breathing, soft and deep,
Made me wish still more for sleep.

I heard one sound above them all,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock," upon the wall;
"Tick-tock," and with no need for rest;
What bliss if I were this way blessed!

The Blue Museum

In the great museum of the sky
I gazed as each statue met my eye;
There seemed an endless multitude
Of figures from white marble hewed,
Each sculptured by the Master Hand
To form a most exquisite band.

Their old custodian from the North
Did on his errand sally forth;
There came an ill-directed gust
To rid each masterpiece of dust;
To my dismay, this fatal swoop
Shattered each member of the group.

Wisconsin

by JACK KRUEGER

WISCONSIN — and right away you shudder and say, "Way up north with all its ice, snow and freezing cold — that's not for me!" Those very things can also bring along many things of pleasure that you don't find written up in your geography book. The gently sloping hills are the grandest spots for those coasting and toboggan parties. Build your campfire at the foot of the hill, a pleasant place to take the chill off fingers and toes. If it is skiing you like, seek out the higher hills for that thrill of almost sailing through the air. The many small inland lakes and rivers make ideal natural ice skating rinks.

Then comes summer and you look to the lake region for your recreation.

In the northern section of the state are many small lakes. This part is known as the Land O'Lakes.

In the central part of the state you will find the Chain of Lakes or Killarneys of America with twenty-three connecting lakes. All of these lakes are crystal clear and make ideal places for swimming or boating. A trip down the Crystal River in a skiff is a wonderful day's outing. A motor launch takes you and your skiff to the head of the river; from there on you are on your own. Dress in bathing suits. Pack your lunch in water proof jars or cans, especially if you want to shoot the rapids. Unless you are really expert at handling that boat, you will tip over, which means: gather up from the bottom of the river your belongings, and then proceed on your way.

In all of these lakes the fishing is very good. You will find bass, perch, pickerel, pike, and muskies.

The rural sections are dotted with large dairy farms. This is why Wisconsin is known as the Dairyland State. The farmers sell their milk to the cheese factories. These factories make some of the finest cheeses in the world. All along the main highways you will find Cheese Huts, where you can purchase these famous cheeses.

Wisconsin's nickname, the "Badger State", has a curious origin. The name "badgers" was originally applied to the lead-miners near the Illinois line in early days because they lived in dugouts on the hillsides similar to the burrows that badgers make underground. Afterwards the name was applied to the people of the whole State.

Don
JAMES

Texas

by FRED BEBENSEE

"FRIENDSHIP" is the state motto this fabulous state definitely lives up to, as I had the chance to experience during my stay in Texas, not so very long ago. The people are very pleasant, and are world-famous for the pride and love they possess for their state, as you may have noticed at times if you ever had an opportunity to chat with a true Texan. Very often, however, they may make you a little skeptical and dubious as to what is really fact, and what is just another of their traditionary tall tales, when they speak about their favorite subject, Texas. It's really all done good naturedly though, and if you look closely enough, you may detect just a hint of a twinkle in their eyes. On the whole, Texans are a proud and very fine people.

When I first arrived in Texas, I expected to see tall, rangy cowpunchers "totin' heavy shootin' irons", and stagecoaches drawn by big, powerful horses; but, no matter where I looked, all I could see were vast billowy fiields of ripe cotton, some being harvested by modern machinery, and some by darkies, threading their way in between narrow rows and very skillfully plucking the soft, white bolls into the large cloth bags they carried; and also, black, dirty, oil derricks pumping to the surface of the earth one of Mother Nature's most beneficial gifts to man. El Paso, one of the leading cities in Texas, is in the heart of this giant network of oil fields, and here are located some of the "musts" on any tourist's list. Located here are many huge cattle ranches (the King Ranch, situated not too distantly, is reputed to be the largest in the world), high plateaus and beautiful canyons, and, as El Paso is sometimes called, "a gateway into old Mexico", where much of the romance and customs of the old world still prevail. The latter is an especially popular stopover for tourists the year around.

I had a chance to visit several of the historic Spanish missions, which through time have been very well preserved. I especially remember one of the most famous of these missions, the Alamo, where every man gave up his life rather than surrender to Santa Anna and the huge Mexican army that was thrown against them on a clear March morning in 1836, during the Mexican War. This is one of the most beloved of all Texan shrines, and the battle-cry, "Remember the Alamo", added much to inspire the fury and determination of their assaults during the rest of the war.

Very many forms of wild life are found in Texas, even today, although for a great many years hunting and trapping were carried on to a very large extent. Long-eared, high-jumping jackrabbits, numerous pumas that roam the rugged mountains, and large flocks of wild turkeys are some of the more common game. But according to any Texan, "You name it, we got it". The creature which impress-

ed me most was the insignificant little horned toad, a spiny-bodied creature, about six inches long, which looks, in miniature, just like his ponderous relatives of prehistoric days. Some friends of mine happened to hear somewhere that if a lighted cigarette were put in the reptile's mouth, he would smoke it, just like any human. They decided to experiment and find out if this were true, so, the first chance they got, they caught one, as he was scampering through the tall grass, and took him home. That night, they lifted him out of a shoe box, which had been his temporary home, and immediately began their investigations. He smoked the cigarette all right — they buried the poor critter the next morning. They couldn't understand why he had died; the cigarette was one of the leading brands, too.

Yes, Texas is full of wonders, and you would really find it to be quite an adventure to visit the "Lone Star State" someday. I know I will, sooner or later.

The Tongue of Song

By RONNIE SMITH

It has no mouth nor tongue nor lips
To make a message clear,
But things it says can rid our souls
Of a laugh, a sigh, a tear.

Yes, music is the language of
The thoughts deep down inside
That learn to talk through tone and chord
Where speaking is denied.

A feeling dangles in the air,
No word to call its own,
And wanting to express itself,
It lights upon a tone.

The roaring, soaring wind of strings
Conveys a joyous mood
Against the distant dismal drums
Of dreary solitude.

The angels living up on high
Throughout the day will sing
And treat kind souls to soothing song,
The language of our King.

Western Indians

by ANITA FLETCHER

THE western Indians of today are a far cry from the ones our forefathers encountered as they crossed the vast plains so long ago. From their strong independence, many have come to depend largely on tourists traveling through the West.

My first sight of real Indians was along the highway. The land was bare and dry, with a cloudless sky above. There was a small, three-walled hut of rough logs with a roof. No wall was in the front, and no other openings such as doors or windows were built in. About halfway back hung a curtain of flimsy material dividing the crude structure into two rooms. I have never found out if this was the home of the Indians, or only a place to sell their articles. I certainly hope it wasn't their home, as the hut offered little protection from heat and cold.

On the outside of the hut was dug a shallow trench in which a fire was built for preparing meals.

From then on, there was a hut and a group of Indians about every mile. All the huts were alike. I never once saw an adult Indian man anywhere in that area.

For the most part, all of the Indians were dressed similarly, differing only in the design of the print of the material, and perhaps the hand-made jewelry. The women and girls wore gathered skirts of cotton print, and either plain blouses or print to match their skirts. Their hair was worn in braids or hung loose down the back. The boys wore modern-day trousers or dungarees with no shirt. Over their dark skin, and in their once bright clothes, one could see layers of dust.

The hand-made articles were arranged in the front. They were clay pottery, each with its own individual design; and silver jewelry, pins, bracelets, and bells. When asked prices, the Indian woman replied in broken English, but I noticed that when they spoke among themselves, they talked in their own native tribal tongue.

As we approached the cut-off to Grand Canyon from the main highway, an old Indian man stood on the triangle in the center of the intersection. He had a very pleasant smile. He wore tan trousers, a faded red plaid shirt. Over the shirt he wore a leather vest with cowhide lacing up the front. His once black hair was streaked with grey, and around his head was a band of feathers which hung far down his back.

He, too, depended on the tourist trade. Camera fans could take a picture of him or have one taken with him for twenty-five cents.

The plains are bare now of the tremendous herds of buffalo and other wild game which the Indian once depended on for food, clothing, and shelter.

The Indian is not free to wander where he pleases, hunt where he pleases, and make his living as he did years ago. There are many government restrictions. But one tradition still stands strong. The Indian of the plains still lives by the skill of his hands.

K. Johnson

The Paradise of The Pacific

by FRED BEBENSEE

"THE Paradise of the Pacific". Such is the title that has long been bestowed upon Hawaii, the most interesting place I have ever lived.

It was a warm, beautiful evening and the sun was sending forth the last of her fiery rays across the sky when I saw Hawaii for the first time, a line of misty, purple mountains on the horizon. This peaceful vision of beauty didn't last long, however, as the sun finally slipped into the blue sea far to the west.

Bright and early the next morning, upon awakening, I hurriedly washed and dressed, and ran up the companionway to the main deck. The first sight that came to my eyes was the myriad of varicolored streamers and bits of paper that stretched from the clean, white sides of my ship to the base of the pier. Casually, someone beside me mentioned that, whenever a ship arrived, there was always great festivity, and sure enough, about a dozen Hawaiian girls were assembled on the pier below, dancing the hula, the native dance of the islands. This was really a pleasant welcome, and later, I was informed that each movement and motion on the part of the dancers is not unlike a story set to pantomime. Therein are told legends of the lives of great kings, of ancient Gods, and of the loves and hatreds of their ancestors, that have been handed down from generation to generation.

Then I noticed many men, women and children in the throng below, carrying large and small wreaths of flowers, and selling them to the passengers as they disembarked from the ship. The leis, as the garlands were called, were very beautiful and had a wonderful fragrance that I doubt can, or ever will, be imitated in any other part of the world. I was given three leis that day, from my mother and from friends, and I'll readily wager that I was the proudest "malihini" that ever set foot on the islands.

I stayed in Hawaii two full years, all the while having many marvelous adventures and seeing many wonderful sights. The live volcano, Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, presents a startling spectacle that attracts residents from the other islands as well as thrill-seekers from all parts of the globe. The upside-down falls, a waterfall on the island of Oahu, so named because of the disillusioning effect caused by its misty, rainbow spray, seems to the casual observer to be cascading upward instead of downward. And the Pali, a lofty, towering cliff also located on the island of Oahu, is often the gathering place of soft, fleecy clouds, and one can see many, many miles over the land and far out to sea. Legends say that when King Kamehameha invaded the island years ago, Kalanikapule, who was ruler of the island, and all his loyal subjects were forced over the steep precipice to certain death far below. This is now an accepted fact developed by careful study and research by the Bishop Museum in Hawaii. The panorama of large ferns, beautiful blossoms, high, swaying coconut palms and the numerous inviting beaches add a touch to the scene that is most inspiring and unforgettable.

Daily, after coming home from school, I would slip into my swimming trunks and rush down, for the rest of the afternoon, to Waikiki Beach, which was only a couple of blocks away from my home. Sometimes, the whole family would pack a picnic lunch and drive over to the other side of the island to Kailua Beach, where the waves at times rolled in as high as twenty feet! Riding in on many of these huge combers were Portuguese Men of War, but luckily I escaped the painful acquaintanceship of any of these "good idea to keep away from" jellyfish.

I left Hawaii in February, 1942, by convoy, headed for San Francisco and the United States, because of the sudden onslaught of the Japanese Empire. Someday, I should like to return to Hawaii and see those things I had no chance to see, or really to understand and appreciate, during my sojourn in the islands.

Spring Themes

By BILLY SELLARS

Spring

Just now
I heard a tune.
Could I believe my ear?
For sure it was a bluebird's song.
It's here.

Graduation

It's here
At last the time,
We've wished for, oh, so long.
Slow down, swift time, we dread indeed
The parting.

Spring Fever

Lazy
Don't want to work;
Why should we go to school?
Too long the days, too hot the sun —
Let's fish!

Observations On The Golden State

by JIM HOLT

To most people the state of California, and especially Los Angeles, is some distant fairyland of beautiful actresses, roaring, souped-up engines, huge aircraft factories, unprecedented and instantaneous wealth, and deep blue ocean. Unfortunately, it is not always that inviting. Having lived in Los Angeles for about two years, I feel entitled to tear it apart somewhat by recalling a few details. While doing so I hope I can answer some of your questions about California.

The city of Los Angeles is made up of more than a million people, plus seven or eight million more in its incorporated suburbs. Viewed from a nearby mountain, it stretches for miles and miles in every direction, and is terminated by only the great mountains whose summits are covered by about all the snow that most inhabitants ever see. But it's not perfect. Like San Francisco, Los Angeles has plenty of fog, especially in winter. Rain and "low" (40°-50°) temperatures are common from November to March.

Perhaps a more serious problem is smog. A mixture of smoke, gases, and chemical fumes, it burns the eyes, irritates the lungs, and fills the Los Angeles skyline from Spring until October, sometimes lasting into Winter. It is a major problem among problems.

There are dozens of small cities besides the city of Los Angeles in Los Angeles County. Some are ultramodern and prosperous, such as Beverly Hills or Santa Monica. Others are small and unknown. Many are a part of Los Angeles but maintain their own names and city governments. These suburbs make up most of the population, and form a network of cities and towns radiating for almost twenty miles from the center of Los Angeles in every direction. The overwhelming size of the city is one of the first reactions experienced by newcomers.

California's shores and beaches may be disappointing to those seeing them for the first time. In some places where bathing is popular, the sandy beach may be several thousands of yards wide. In others, the shore may extend for only thirty feet or so, where it is abruptly terminated by a steep palisade. Rocky shorelines are common. They are picturesque, perhaps, but far too numerous for the bathers who like privacy and a sandy beach to lie on at the same time. On the wide stretches of sand, great patches of prickly sandgrass are a nuisance.

The ocean itself, widely advertised as warm, clear, and generally matchless, is usually a gray-green color, much colder than would be expected. In late summer it is about as warm as it ever gets. Then swimming is genuinely enjoyable. The shoreline is thick with bathers and children enjoying themselves in the waves and tanning themselves in the brilliant sunlight, as they untangle each other from mountains of seaweed.

Strangely enough, Hollywood, world famous as the center of the motion picture industry, contains very few large film studios. Most of the important studios

are located in nearby cities, except for a few minor ones such as Eagle-Lion and the Kalmus Technicolor Laboratories. M-G-M is located in nearby Culver City, while the Fox Studio was located near my home in West Los Angeles. Others are found near, but not in, Hollywood.

Hollywood itself is a booming city, hot, crowded, and high-priced. You can find almost everyone there except the actors and actresses who supposedly are seen there constantly. The well-known corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street is not marked by neon signs with letters ten feet tall; it is little different from any other downtown street-corner in Los Angeles. Disappointing, perhaps, but true.

The California schools, operated under the much-criticized and well-discussed system of Progressive Education, are generally large, modern, beautiful buildings, well-equipped and staffed. As an example I offer the University High School in West Los Angeles. It is made up of a great brick Administration Building, containing a completely democratic set-up for the school and a large number of classrooms, several other large brick buildings, and twenty or thirty single-room wooden classrooms. These wooden buildings, called bungalows, may eventually be replaced by brick structures.

To me, this school seemed unique. It covered an entire city block and contained things which especially amazed me because I was a rank newcomer to California at the time.

Some of its features were a radio station, a rifle range, a well-equipped armory, an R. O. T. C. battalion, a horticulture division, and an auto mechanics classroom that resembled a speed shop, and a big one at that. I went to this school about eight months; and it might have required eight more to find out what I didn't know about it. That may sound like a new version of the familiar, "Yes, we do everything bigger in California," but I mean it.

The school's enrollment was about nineteen hundred. The average student is one of the most cynical and clannish individuals I ever met. Most boys of the school have an attitude of derision and cynicism for whatever they consider to be new or unusual, and sarcasm is common. I never was sure just why, but make an embarrassing error or a foolish mistake in company and you were sure to hear sarcastic comments on it for a good while. Despite this, they were friendly and good-natured most of the time — if you happened to know them that well.

In closing, let me add that the California condor isn't the only thing becoming extinct in the Golden State — rapidly disappearing from the scene is another rare and strange creature, the native Californian.

Washington The Beautiful

by THAN PENINGTON

WASHINGTON with her rugged coastline, her mountainous region, and her plains is my native state. Of course each is proud of his own state, but I am especially proud to hail from Washington, one of the richest states in the United States.

I was born in Seattle, the largest city in Washington. Seattle is also one of the main ports on the Pacific coast. With a natural outlet to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the Pacific Ocean, Seattle serves ships from all parts of the world.

Also located at Seattle is the University of Washington, the largest of the state-owned institutions, which has an enrollment of more than thirteen thousand students. My aunt is an Art professor there and I have often driven with her through the beautiful campus.

Although Seattle is the largest city in Washington, Olympia, which is located about seventy-five miles south of Seattle, is the capital.

On a clear day, the Cascade Mountain Range, which divides the state in half, can be seen. Outstanding in the entire chain of mountains is Washington's pride, Mount Ranier. Across Puget Sound to the West can be seen the Olympic Mountains which border the Pacific Ocean.

Several of my friends have told me of the trips they take into the mountains to go skiing. One of the leading newspapers in Seattle sponsors free skiing lessons to all high school students who wish them. The students are transported on a special train into the snow-capped mountains where they spend a day and sometimes an entire week-end.

During the many times I travelled across the mountains to eastern Washington, I noticed something very unusual. On the western side of the mountains there are beautiful green forests bearing Douglas fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock. However, as soon as one comes out of the mountains on the eastern side there are flat plains with desert brush growing on them. Not all this land is wasted though, for in the irrigated valleys the farmers raise great crops of apples, plums, prunes, and cherries. In fact, I have gone along the streets of Yakima, the main productive center of the Yakima Valley, and have seen all kinds of fruit trees, heavily laden with fruit, in the yards.

I have attended the annual Apple Blossom Festival in Wenatchee, the apple center. This is similar to the annual festival in Winchester, Virginia, and is a time of much festivity and merry-making. There is a huge parade with beautifully decorated floats, bands, etc.

Recently I learned a couple of things concerning the state of Washington which I hadn't heard before: One was the fact that before Washington became a state there was a dispute over whether San Juan Island was owned by Great Britain or by the United States. A leading figure in this dispute was Captain George E. Pickett who later distinguished himself at Gettysburg and rose to the rank of general in the Confederate Army. Camp Pickett near Blackstone, Virginia, now bears his name. The other was that a Seattle pioneer named George Omar Guy was the inventor of the now popular ice cream soda. He is now the owner of a large chain of drug stores.

There are many famous people who have come from the state of Washington. This state, from its rugged coastline to its rich plains, has grown to be a paradise for sportsmen and a land of opportunity for businessmen.

The Sky Menagerie

By FRANK STRAILMAN

I once in my hammock lazily lay
And saw a sky menagerie.
A fawn with its mother tried to play;
A bear with her cubs was full of glee;
Then animals so strange and rare
Appeared in the clouds from everywhere.

Too fast into view they finally came
That it happened to me, as I had feared,
Before I determined their size or name,
They changed their shapes and disappeared
Never to come again to me
Into a sky menagerie.

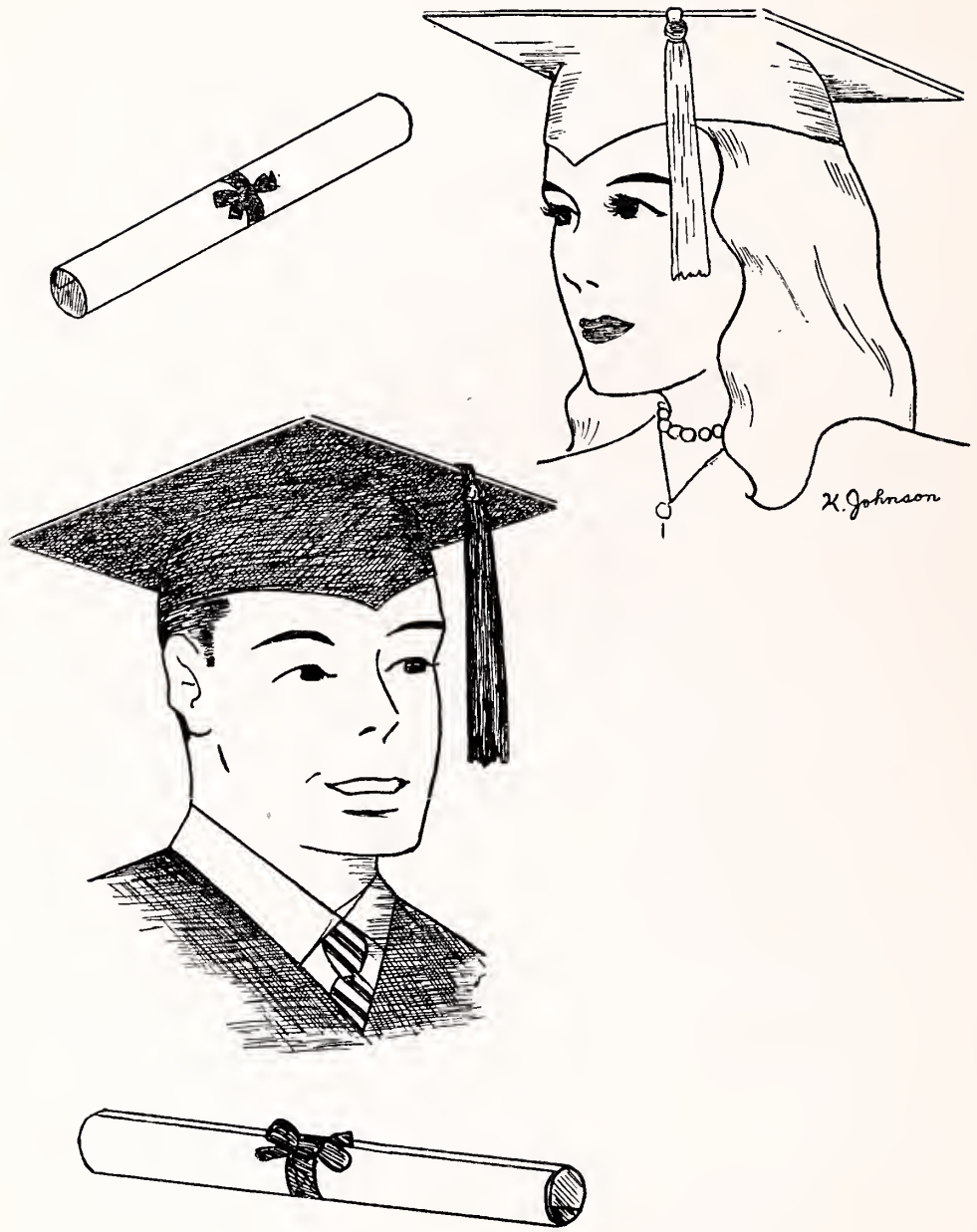
The Tree

By RUTH ANNA TAYLOR

See that tree over there?
'Tis only a woman
With hair in the air,
On bended knees,
With arms outstretched —
Uttering pleas.

She stands alone,
Wond'ring of fate,
Of days bygone —
Woes, many things
Trouble. She prays,
Then suddenly sings.

Literary Section


K. Johnson

Ave Atque Vale

I

A Prayer on Graduating

By SARAH JANE ELLIS

Father dear, as the time for parting nears
And from these portals we shall soon depart,
We face a future fraught with hopes and fears.
Grant us this gift — an understanding heart
That we with courage through the coming years
May best fulfill our tasks and do our part.

We know our hearts at times will yearn for friends
And for the guiding hands of those who tried
To shape our thoughts and deeds for worthy ends,
Although at times their wisdom we defied.
Forgive each thoughtless act. Our way depends
On how we love and trust in Thee, our guide.

From these portals many branches lead
To many ways of life where we may go.
Some lead to high success and some, just greed.
O, God, point out the right one, let us show
To all the world and make the people heed
That the only way to success is God to know.

II

The Rising Curtain

By KENNY WHEELER

Much nearer and nearer draws the day
To turn our rings the other way.
We'll laugh and joke and make great fun
To think that now our work is done.
It's over — all the work and strife,
And now to lead a fun-filled life!

Some find that life is filled with play
While some discover clouds of gray.
Such toil and hardships make some sigh,
"Oh, for those schooldays now gone by."
For life is like a well-paved road
That crumbles under heavy load.

We're now like actors in the wings
As we look on to greater things.
And on that day we'll hold heads high,
For nothing's like a valiant try.
The play is on; ring up the curtain,
And go on stage to life uncertain.

III

Parting

By FRED BEBENSEE

Ring forth ye bells, ye bells on high,
Oh! Peal your tidings glad and strong,
That those that be must soon pass by,
To brighten life's sweet song.

Ye too, oh chimes, join in with heart,
And tell of our loves, our work and our play,
Tell of our sadness, that we must part,
To the light of a new born day.

Together, ye both, pray give us cheer,
Remove for always the sorrow, the pain;
Place in our hearts, the memories dear,
That shall never be again.

The Hero

By JUANITA PURYEAR

RIDGEVILLE HIGH is an average size school on the outskirts of our little city. It stands high on a beautiful grass-covered hill and is surrounded by huge red maple trees. Here and there you can see green shrubs and flowers. School life at Ridgeville High is just like the school life at any other school; we have a Student Council, clubs, sororities, a school paper, and we are outstanding in sports, especially football. There are about seven hundred students in the school with approximately half of them boys. And those boys exist for only one thing -- football! They even place the girls secondary to their beloved sport.

Every afternoon, after finishing hockey practice, a group of us girls would perch ourselves high in the stands of the football stadium and watch the players scrimmage. That's the excuse most of the girls gave, but they didn't fool me because I went over to the stadium for the same reason they did. You see, there happened to be a blond-haired, blue-eyed halfback who made just as many passes at the girls as he did with the football. His name was Ronnie Roberts, and he was a handsome newcomer to our school. Ronnie was admired by all the boys and girls, for he was not only good-looking, but an exceptional football player as well.

When Ronnie first came to our school, the girls went wild over him because he was something new, and the fact that he made the varsity team didn't detract from his popularity.

During the first half of the football season, Ronnie kept his mind on the game and played outstanding ball. We all had a hand in spoiling Ronnie, for he was made "tops" in practically everything. Then all of a sudden his attitude began to change. We did not notice it at first and were too infatuated even to think that Ronnie's head might swell to the size of a watermelon.

It all started when he had a disagreement with some of the players, and the story got around that he was not only telling the boys how to play but was "straightening the coach out on his methods of coaching."

Most of us girls didn't believe what we had heard, and we belittled the story by saying that they were just rumors caused by jealousy.

Then in class, Ronnie began to give us girls sarcastic answers and made a few wisecracks to the teachers. We still tried to overlook these little things by making excuses to ourselves for him.

One afternoon, when hockey practice was over, we all went over to the field to watch the football players practice, for that Friday night we were playing our

traditional rival, Centerville High. As we sat down, all our eyes went toward Ronnie's position, but we couldn't find him anywhere on the field. Finally, one of my friends found him over by the side lines flirting with Janie Lou, who was not too wholesome an influence on any boy who expected to stay on a football team. This time none of us made any excuses. (Could we have been just a little bit jealous?)

During the practice, we noticed Ronnie didn't have his mind on the plays, for every now and then we caught him glancing at Janie Lou or looking to see who was watching him. Through the whole week of practices, we saw that he acted the same way, but as he was our star player, we thought that probably he didn't need too much practice.

It was the biggest game of the season, and the stadium was packed with football fans. Tonight was the time when the football players really wanted to play their best. That is, all but Ronnie. When he trotted out on the field, he waved to Janie Lou and yelled, "Just another game."

The game began, and on the second play Ronnie fumbled the ball and Centerville recovered. Oh well, we thought, it was just an accident, for Ronnie had fumbled at times before. Ronnie didn't fumble the ball any more, but, for some reason, he just couldn't keep up with the plays set up by his own team. He was being stopped at the line and many times thrown for a loss. The crowd began to yell, "Take him out!"

Finally the coach did take him out, and Ronnie didn't play any more during the game. But with Ronnie out of the game, the team appeared to fight harder. Little Herman, who was a second string back, took Ronnie's place, and, fortunately, he recovered a fumble that was made by the other team near their goal. On the next play Herman, on an end run, scored the only touchdown of the game. Although we didn't get the extra point, we were content to win the game by a margin of six points.

That night Ronnie left the field crying, for the team had proven to him that they could win without his help, and they really didn't need him as much as he thought.

But that incident changed Ronnie. We never had to make excuses for him any more, for now he realized that he was only one of a team instead of being the whole team himself.

The Race

By BARBARA JONES

I bounded quickly up the stairs,
The wind was in my hair;
I reached the first floor with a bound,
I was in great despair!

Two more to go to reach the top,
That final goal of mine;
The bell was ringing in my ears
For it was almost nine.

Quite out of breath, I staggered to
The final floor at last;
I glanced up at the big school clock,
O gee, my watch was fast!

Feminine Drivers

By JIMMY WHEATLEY

MRS. JONES is a typical housewife, a typical mother and a typical woman driver. You will say some women drive very well. Mrs. Jones is one of the many lady drivers who bring ridicule to their sex although the fact that she still breathes shows she isn't the worst specimen behind the wheel. It puzzles me how she has baffled the law of averages this long.

For instance, Mrs. Jones thinks a hand signal is supposed to display her diamond. It must be that, for the right hand never seems to know what the left hand has signaled. Most of the time a hand signal means she is either going to turn left, turn right, stop, or slow down.

What Mrs. Jones enjoys most are the pretty color schemes that flash on and off for her at intersections. She has always wondered what colors they have beside red and green. But some impatient driver who doesn't appreciate the pretty colors causes her to leave before her chance to finish.

A few days ago Mrs. Jones went to town to do some shopping. This was an especially lucky day for Mrs. Jones as she didn't have a scratch on her car. It seems she didn't have a bumper either. Mrs. Jones is one who finds her horn much easier to work than the brake. She might not see everything she hits, but she hits everything she sees.

I won't criticise Mrs. Jones' parking, as I have never seen her park. I was always afraid to watch. She has assumed that the parking meter is a gadget used to collect funds for retired policemen.

The other day Mrs. Jones was given a ticket, compliments of the police chief, inviting her down to see him. She sent him a formal note expressing her regret to be unable to attend because of a previous engagement.

One of the handiest gadgets in the car, thinks Mrs. Jones, is the mirror. It comes in so handy for putting a loose strand of hair in place.

Mrs. Jones considers herself a careful driver as she tries not to make a habit of bumping fenders. She is also very considerate and takes only half the road and gives back a quarter on each side. Shifting gears gives her a slight problem now, but she is planning to learn to use the clutch soon.

All women aren't quite as bad as Mrs. Jones, but there are a few exceptions to every rule. I've heard Sears and Roebuck does a thriving business just selling drivers' licenses. Where else could most women get theirs?

Women are also very good as back seat drivers. Some do very good back seat driving from the front seat.

What is man's chief sorrow resulting from two sets of keys coming with each car??? WOMEN.

Poodle Cut

By CAMERON HALL, JR.

Bushy and bunchy —
It looks like a mop;
Fussy and frilly —
All fixed-up on top.

Fancy and fuzzy —
With ringlets and curls,
Most unbecoming
To all of the girls.

Why do they wear it?
I'd like to know,
But let's have a party,
A "poodle-dog" show.

That Phone

By MAREA MOSCOSO

The ring of the phone came down the hall,
And buzzed about my ear;
It might be a boy, I must be coy,
Maybe a date is near.

My heartbeat quickened with each step,
As I rushed to seize the phone;
Is it Bobby, Billy, Burke, or Ben?
Now I won't sit alone.

It rang once more; I held my breath.
Suppose it's Dick or Micky?
What will I say, what will I do?
Perhaps it's just that Nicky!

"Hello," I whispered in the phone,
With music in each word;
"Is your Mother home?", the voice replied,
"This is Mrs. Byrd!!!!!"

Jasper, Oh Jasper

By LUCILLE WATSON

A LITTLE colored boy was walking jauntily down the street and hesitated shyly when he saw the white children playing horseshoes. He moved slowly backward toward the telephone pole.

One could see that he wanted very much to be a part of the group that was playing, but he dared not mingle with them.

Jasper smiled, and his eyes danced. He moved happily about in spite of his faded, patched overalls and frayed shirt, which was held together by a safety pin. His clothes did not dampen his gay spirit as he watched and grinned broadly when someone rung the pole. An already pug nose became more flattened when he gave a shrill whistle at another ringer. He scratched a close-cropped, woolly head; and I wondered what it would feel like to rub my hand over it. It was much like a closely-shorn sheep.

"Would you like to throw once, Jasper?" I asked.

He became silent, as if to question if I meant it. When I offered the horseshoe to him, he bashfully extended his hand toward it.

Again delight was bubbling on his face as he carefully toed the line and lifted the horseshoe in a back stroke. He let it go in the general direction of the pole. Although he missed it by three feet, I know he could not have been any hap-

pier if he had rung the pole. He was king for a moment as he took part in the game with white children.

A shrill voice shattered his Empire, "Jas-per, oh, Jas-per."

In the twinkling of an eye he left his throne, turned his back on the game, and I saw a patch of overalls and the soles of shabby shoes as he pattered off toward the sound.

The Fence

By SANDY EVANS

THIS ESSAY I am writing is true. This happened during my stay in Germany.

While in Germany, I lived in a place which we called the compound. The compound consisted of about a hundred German homes, occupied by the Americans. It was enclosed by a barbed wire fence. The compound was surrounded by the rest of the town.

"The Fence" was an ordinary barbed wire fence, which was a few strands of wire on poles with rolls of barbed wire at the bottom. This was no ordinary fence, however.

Before "The Fence" was taken down, the German and American kids used to fight through "The Fence" all the time. I guess we didn't set a very good example of Americanism for the Germans, but we fought anyway. I remember several occasions on which somebody was hurt due to rocks we threw at each other. I had three stitches taken in my head as a result of one of these meetings. Another boy had one of his front teeth knocked out. In the winter we had snowball battles. This might sound like fun and I guess it was fun to us, but it was no joke to the Germans. They would muster up grown men, boys and all the children they could find. Then we would have a snowball fight.

If I remember correctly, which probably isn't right, "The Fence" was taken down one day in Spring. Much to my surprise we ceased to fight. We soon became friendly with the German boys. After "The Fence" was taken down, we had a lot of fun together.

"The Fence" had been a psychological barrier separating us, and because of this we had fought. As soon as it was taken down, we became friends.

My Dream Girl

By CLARA GRAHAM

As she was running by one day,
I wished that I were going her way.
She wore a pretty color of blue
Designed in style so I knew it was new.
She passed me by without making a cry;
I longed to hail her, at least say, "Hi!"

At once she became the girl of my dreams,
And soon would be mine with all my schemes.
I dreamed of her every night and day,
Hoping that I would find some way
To acquire this thing my life did lack:
This beautiful baby blue Cadillac!

Reading

By CAMERON HALL

THE HARDEST feat to accomplish, without a doubt, is to read a book.

When you have split the wood for kindling for Mother, written up Father's books, run upstairs for Aunt Minnie's spectacles, and walked Cousin John home from the poolroom, you settle yourself comfortably upon the floor with a book; the only chair not being utilized by human beings is occupied by Aunt Minnie's cat, Tootsie, who mustn't be disturbed.

Now, the book! "Once upon a time, in a far-away land, there lived a most beautiful princess —" The most beautiful princess will have to wait until I answer the 'phone, no one else getting up. Upon picking the instrument up, I discover it is Mrs. Johnson, one of Aunt Minnie's bosom companions, who is just bursting with the news (she has told only two hundred and thirty-seven people so far) that old Mrs. Vance's niece didn't get in until three o'clock last night; she ought to know — she stayed up to see.

Call Aunt Minnie to the phone, go back, sit down, read. Read? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! "Once upon a —".

Aunt Minnie, thinking I had called her to the door instead of the 'phone, lets in Rover, who cordially dislikes Tootsie, and as far as Tootsie is concerned, the feeling is one hundred per cent mutual. After having been sent to the kitchen to procure some rags from Ambrosia, the maid, and after wiping up the fur off the floor, you again settle down to read, but for some strange reason you find it hard to concentrate, an ever-present difficulty, but especially so now. Most unusual, the only distractions are as follows: Rover, whose feelings are hurt at being put outside, is making a noise like a foghorn; Tootsie, judging from the quality (and quantity) of her purrs, is dreaming she is a four-engine bomber, preparing for the take-off. Aunt Minnie, by virtue of trying to out-talk Mrs. Johnson, could easily be heard by her without the aid of the 'phone, Mrs. Johnson living only fourteen blocks away. Add to this my younger brothers and sisters upstairs who, judging by the thumps on the ceiling, are taking up the fandango, the Highland Fling, and square-dancing all at once; Cousin John's snores, which sound like an ovation to Satan on Walpurgis night; the television, radio, and phonograph all going full blast, (a lovely combination of Uncle Miltie, Walter Winchell, and the Toreador Song from Carmen); and last but not least, Ambrosia, the Negro maid, bemoaning the fact that her ninth husband has left her and threatening to cut his black heart out when she catches him.

Finally after retiring to your room and reading seven hundred and seventy-seven pages, you find that the last one, which tells who is the murderer and whom the princess marries, is missing.

I hate books!

Nature Lyrics

By NANCY CHEEK

Haven Of Rest

The brook is trickling o'er the stones
And whispering a glad refrain.
Its voices speak in mellow tones
To maids who skip along the lane.

Small children find a solace here
Upon the bank of this sweet stream.
It comforts bear, chipmunk, and deer,
Who come to drink, rest, sleep, and dream.

It twists and turns throughout the land,
But never stops an hour to rest;
For it was made by God's own hand,
And ever since has man been blessed.

Soldiers Of The Blue

The sun plays in among the clouds
That tend to hide its smiling face.
As its shy but radiant rays peep through,
The clouds as if guarding the throne of Grace
Rush forth with armor and shields held high
To take their stand up in the sky.

Some days the sun is left to shine
Unhindered by its guardian band.
For they are busy spreading rain
All o'er this great and bountiful land.
But soon their work on earth is through,
So home they go to guard the blue.

The Big Wind*

By DORIS MCGILVARY

NOT TOO long ago I was motoring across the Florida Keys towards Key West. So far it had been a most pleasant trip, but while I was crossing Boot Key I noticed that the sky was graying and everything growing still. I paid little attention to this as I was in a hurry to arrive at Key West. Even when a gas station attendant told me that a storm was forecast for that night, I kept on.

I was no sooner on a small island between Boot Key and Pigeon Key than I wished I had taken the gas station attendant's advice and stopped at a shelter on the larger key. I went on for a short distance, but the wind was so strong and the rain drivng so hard that I had to stop. I just could make out the form of a building through the sheet of rain. There was no visible light coming from it, but I hurried on in its direction.

When I had at last managed to reach the structure, I found the door was not locked. I pushed it open and went in. Upon entering I discovered that though it was now empty it had probably once been occupied by someone. It seemed reasonably strong, and anyway it was a shelter from the rain.

In spite of the storm raging outside, the fact that I was on a Florida Key had not yet registered any special thought in my mind. But now slowly it was beginning to dawn on me this was not an ordinary storm but a hurricane. The word struck terror through me. Up to now I had thought myself secure from the storm in this small building, but now I realized it was not just a storm; and then another thought flashed through my mind. The man back at the gas station on Boot Key had mentioned that the smaller keys between there and Pigeon Key were uninhabited because of their size. With that thought panic gripped me. There I was alone on a small island in a shack with a hurricane coming up. Why, something might even happen to the causeway that connected the keys. What then? Would I be left alone on a small island for days? No one would be in a hurry to repair the causeway; after all, no one knew that there was anyone on the islands.

My thoughts were interrupted by a crash that made me jump off the old box I was sitting on and rush to the window, but it was so dark outside and the rain so heavy that I couldn't see a thing. I sat back down and tried to remain calm, but it was no use; the wind screaming

*While the action of this story is fictional, the idea was suggested to the author who had the misfortune to be caught in a Florida hurricane.

outside was slowly getting on my nerves. Why didn't something happen? Why didn't the roof blow off? I had no sooner completed the thought than I wished I hadn't, for a loud rip sounded overhead and before I could move I was standing in the pouring rain. As soon as I could collect myself, I scurried over to a corner of the room where there was a little roof left. Now that the wind had collected in the room, what was left of the windows crashed and the single oil lamp I had found was put out.

Things were happening so fast that all I can remember was the floor sinking from under me and an object crashing down on my head.

When I awoke, my first impulse was that it had been a dream, but when I moved, the pain in my head told me that there was no such luck. I staggered to my feet and the place I was in didn't look at all familiar. After wandering around I found some broken down stairs and slowly ascended them. When I reached the top I was standing out in the open. The house I had been in was completely demolished except for a few scattered parts.

I must have fallen through the rotten floor and lain there unconscious during the remainder of the hurricane. I now shudder to think of what might have happened had not the place had a basement.

The storm was over now and the bright Florida sun beamed over all. I waded through the water and ruin to the highway and was surprised to find my car in an upright position. Also the causeway was unhurt. I got in the car, but of course I couldn't stretch my miracles too far; it wouldn't start. But it wasn't too long before a police car came. The man at the gas station remembered I had gone on even though he had cautioned me. He knew I couldn't have gotten all the way through and sent the police out looking for me.

At last I arrived at my destination, Key West, and had a nice vacation after all. Next time I will know in which season of the year not to go to Key West. But I will have to admit that in spite of hurricanes Florida is a pretty wonderful place.

The Heavenly Dance

By NANCY CROWTHER

The stars are the jewels of angels so fair,
And of all other creatures that dance in the air.
They waltz, dip, turn; as happy as larks,
While diamonds, rubies cast radiant sparks.
But when the sun comes, they all take to flight;
To rest so they'll shine at the dance the next night.

Then when the sun sets, and it's time to arise,
And start again their ball in the skies,
Miss Twilight calls them from their sleep;
And one by one from their covers they peep.
They run to the dance through the great Milky Way,
Always having such fun; always happy and gay.

The Hollow Victory

By FRANCES SNEAD BAILEY

THE SUN came up over the desert determined to set fire to the dry sand. No slow purple and rose sunrise on this plain. The sun came up and in ten minutes it was as hot as the white-hot heat of a blast furnace.

For days we had been following this man. We watched him and mentally guessed how long he would last. Already he was doing better than most of them that are lost here in our land. He was slowing, though, and often fell in the fire that was the sand. Doggedly he would drag himself up, throw a curse in our direction, and crawl on. It had been a long time since one of his kind had gone so long without breaking in spirit. We could usually tell when they quit cursing and began to pray. This one was different. He had gone for five days without food or water and he was still cursing. Cursing the sun, the sand, his mule, and us.

His mule was stumbling toward a water hole some miles away, and we worried as to whether the man would reach it before he dropped. No chance of that, though; the man's stubborn will, like that of all humans, fought the mule and tried to drag him in a different direction.

It was now a battle between us and him. He forgot the broiling sun and sand. He forgot his thirst, hunger, and violent pain from the darkening wound in his arm. He only thought of fighting us, and only us.

"You'll never get me, never!", he screamed.

Scream, silly man, scream at us, shoot your petty pistol and scream. You'll only wear yourself out and we'll win all the sooner.

We could not help but have a certain respect for anyone who could endure such torment for five days. Sometimes we doubted if he would ever give in. This was only a passing fancy, though, because we knew nothing could save him now. For years the same thing had happened. Over and over the same story. Always we had triumphed, always we had won. What petty things humans are in our world. We always win; we, the sun, and the sand.

Then we noticed a change in him. The determined look left his face. He groped his way and fell more often. He did not fight as his mule dragged him closer and closer to the water hole.

Toward noon the mule trotted off toward the water and the man only looked after it with a blank expression. His eyes were glassy and we knew that our victory was near. His dry parched lips were

cracked and bleeding, and caked with sand. There were blisters on his face from the sun, and there was a sickening look about the cut on his arm.

Closer and closer we came as he slowly sank into the fiery sand. We became more and more bold until one of us actually touched him.

"Curse you," he screamed. Sobs broke from him and he cried to God for mercy.

No mercy came.

The sun sank below the horizon like a huge red ball. It left the sky a paint-box of color. Rose and purple and silver clouds darkened slowly and the cool breeze riffled the hair of the dead man. A silver moonbeam played among us and a coyote called to his mate.

Tomorrow the sun will bleach the bones of this man. Tomorrow people will find his bones and curse us; but their curses will be in vain, for we do our job. We are the vultures; we always win.

The Monster

By LESLIE SIMMONS

The night is a jungle dark and wide,
Where funny creatures run and hide.
From right around a corner peers
A hideous being with monstrous ears.
Away we run at a rapid pace,
To go somewhere and hide our face.

When we reach the top of the hill,
We turn to see if it's following still;
To our surprise we find that he
Is not what first he seemed to be.
We find the thing that made us run
Is a cocker spaniel having fun.

The Last Lap

By NANCY CROWTHER

I AM a senior. Three years ago, that little six letter word sounded like music to my not so tiny green ears, but now, at times, it's like the lost chord; it should go out and get itself lost.

For instance, let's take an average day of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic.

After that sweet 'lil ole alarm clock has gently aroused me from my deep and peaceful slumber, I turn it off, stick out my tongue at it, and go back to sleep. 'Long 'bout eight o'clock I decide that it's time to get up and trot along to school. That is my first mistake of the day. Instead of trotting, I should have galloped. Have you ever tried to make it up to the third floor from the first in one minute? Well, don't. It just ain't no fun, noway!

Have you ever noticed how considerate the office is? They don't want you to have two classes in a row on the same floor, because they are afraid it will be just too monotonous. I run my legs off, traveling those steps, and, not only that, I also get drunk taking the turns on one foot, trying to make it to class on time.

By the time lunch comes, I am ready to eat that ever-popular horse. Of course I have third period class on the first floor, so I have to go up and then go right back down again. Disgusting, isn't it?

Now comes the question of study halls. I have one fifth period and could have had one first. Sometimes, when that charming bit of tin I mentioned above begins its morning symphony, I wish to goodness that I had it. I could go home for fifth period, but I thought that I would be a good girl and do my Spanish homework then, and, if I don't shut up, I'll have even longer to do my Spanish.

That about finishes the day, but there are many other trials of being a senior.

I was sitting at Cameron Field on Thanksgiving morning, watching the most exciting game I had seen since William and Mary played in the Tobacco Bowl, when it suddenly struck me. This was the last time that I, as a high school student, would watch the Crimson Wave. If my eyes were a bit misty, it wasn't because I had a cold.

About two months ago, I bounced down to Kitchen's Studio to have my graduation picture taken. I was sure that I looked great and that my pictures would be beautiful. Boy, was I fooled!

There is just one more little item, but it doesn't exactly concern me.

I got mostly S's on my report card in grammar school, and as soon as I proudly displayed my first 100 on a test, mother was certain that I would be honor graduate. When I started Junior High, she said that my grades were a bit low because there was such a change in the system of teaching, and I hadn't quite caught on. My grades came up a bit, but I still wasn't doing what she thought her sweet little child should. Even now, although it is hopeless, she still hopes to pick up the paper in June and see my beautiful picture and the words "Miss Nancy Maclin Beach Crowther is honor graduate of the June class." Will mothers ever grow up!

Poems

By SALLY KNIGHT

The Ocean

As I stand staring o'er the surf,
The whistling wind blows free.
The threatening waves that pound the beach
Soon wash back out to sea.

The tempest tops the towering waves
With foam that drifts and rides.
And onward push the surging swells,
The slowly rolling tides.

He who braves these giant waves
Is sucked beneath the spray,
And the mighty ocean heeds him not
But hurries on its way.

Friend

A loyal friend is like a star,
Glowing ever true;
Always there to see you through
When life's too much for you.
He'll stick by you in wind and rain
And cheer you when you're blue.

And then some friends are like the moon,
Close by you at the start;
But come a storm, they fade away
And hasten to depart.
"Fair-weather" friends are numberless;
You'll shun them if you're smart.

Mark and The Moon

By JACK BORTZ

IN 1892 a man named Stephen Allen and his son Sammy were hunting wolves in these woods. The woods were wild then and there were no houses for twenty miles around. They started for home late in the afternoon, but which way was home? They were lost. Stephen was a sensible man, so he built a fire and prepared to await the morning.

"In fact, they camped down in that valley," said Chief Tom, director of Camp Steere, indicating the level floor below the crest upon which he and a group of Boy Scouts were settled before a large council fire.

"They stayed awake that night planning how to find their way in the morning. The moon was sinking behind that mountain, the one over there," said Chief Tom, pointing out a craggy peak in the distance, "when they saw a strange pair ambling toward them at a very uncertain gait.

"Stephen hailed them, but they said nothing and came on with a vicious savage look in their eyes. One had a knife in his hand.

"Stephen grabbed his gun and commanded them to halt. He knew they were drunk, and he knew he should not allow them to come into camp, but disregarding him they came on. He raised the gun and pulled the trigger as one of the drunks lurched at him.

"The boy heard the staccato click of the misfiring gun, and saw the knife gleaming with a silver light plunge into his father's breast. The knife, no longer silvery, but reflecting a dripping crimson, lifted and plunged again, and again, and still again.

"By that time Sammy had his shotgun. He pumped shot after shot into the lunatic's brain until his head was but a liquid mass of blood and brains that flowed over the rest of his body.

"The other drunk fled, pursued by the crazed boy, who had the bloody instrument that had been fatal to his father.

"They ran through the valley, the drunk ahead and Sammy, gaining steadily, behind.

"The drunk stumbled, but got up and ran on, quite handicapped by his intoxicated condition. Sammy threw the knife but he missed and the knife stuck into a tree.

"The drunk ran up to the steep hill, but was too tired to go farther. Sammy, with his own knife, saw his chance. Although he was fifty yards away, he raised his knife, and the fading moon slipped behind the hill, leaving the night in darkness, and the drunk staggered off in the gloom.

"Since then Sammy went crazy and still roams alone in these woods. Once a year he hunts his father's killer on the night of the same full moon. If he sees anyone on that night, he will kill him unless the moon goes down before he can fulfill his insane desire."

Chief Tom looked around at the boys he had been addressing, and was pleased to see that his narrative had produced the desired result. "Don't worry, boys; there hasn't been hide nor hair seen of him for thirty years," he said.

The boys' white countenances took on a shade of color at his last remarks.

Mark, their leader, was the only one who had not cringed under the glare of the full moon. He was a tall boy of seventeen and his slim frame, which he carried with an air of confidence, looked like an animated rake handle above his size thirteens. He was draped on a log beside a tree, and he too laughed at the boys' fright.

It was getting late when Chief Tom said, "We'd better get going, Mark. It's a long walk."

Mark had agreed to walk back to the director's cabin to fetch a couple of coils of rope and an axe for the next day's activities. "Okay," said he, "be back in a couple hours, boys. Have some coffee for me when I get back."

It was twelve-forty-five at night when they left the camp and descended the steep hill. Forty-five minutes later they had crossed the valley and arrived at Chief Tom's cabin.

Mark stayed only long enough to pick up the axe and rope. He started back alone by the light of the sinking moon.

Mark had already forgotten the director's story as he hit the trail. He saw the dull red glow of the campfire in the distance and thought of the coffee and his sack on top of the hill.

He didn't hurry because he liked the walk. He lit his pipe. The smoke hung fragrantly around him in the still night air. The thought of the boys being scared by the 'Ghost of Camp Steere' and their relief at being told it was only a legend amused him.

The full moon was going down. This was supposed to be the night when Sammy roamed. "Ha, ha. — Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. The thought didn't bother him.

He had walked about a mile now. He listened to the wild life about him. He heard a squirrel rustling the leaves. He had only another mile and a half between him and his bunk.

He refilled his pipe. The moon was getting lower and lower. He heard the squirrel again.

"Only a mile to go now," Mark thought.

Again he heard the squirrel, and much closer this time. Just a little apprehensive, he looked, but the moonlight was not strong enough to pierce the partial gloom. He saw only the outline of the trees.

One of the trees seemed to waver and step toward him. No, it was only the wind that had come up, blowing the tree a little. Mark, all of a sudden, saw a gleam. He jumped back and then cursed himself. It was only the squirrel's eyes.

The moon was almost down now. Mark stepped up his pace. The gleam assumed the shape of a blade, and the tree that of a man. The man chased Mark. Now Mark was scared, more scared than he had ever been before. He lost his air of confidence, and fled with his utmost speed.

The man raised his hand and threw the knife. It stuck in a tree right ahead of Mark.

"If only the moon would go down," thought Mark, "I'd be safe." The moon was stubborn, however.

The man stopped long enough to pluck the knife from the tree, and on he ran with seemingly tireless legs.

"Go down," Mark screamed at the moon. He was tired now, and all but cried as he yelled, "Go down," again.

The man raised his knife and threw again, and the moon went down.

The boys on top of the hill had gotten over their fright. They laughed at themselves as Mark had. That was a tale they would have to tell their buddies.

It was about time for Mark to return. They would hit the sack as soon as he got back. His coffee was just about ready.

"Hey, Jim," called one of the boys.

"Yeah?"

"Reckon Mark got killed?" joked the first.

"I don't know," replied Jim, "but I'm too tired to care."

"Will you shut up?" came a voice from within the tent. "I'm trying to sleep."

"Here he comes," yelled Jim. "Hi, Mark, hurry up, will you?"

A scout saw Mark and said, "Say, what's wrong, fellow?"

Mark walked shakily up and flopped down on a log. His face was white as a leper's, but he was unharmed. "Get — get me a cup of blood — no, moon — no, coffee. Get me my coffee."

His hands shook as he took the cup. "He chased me, but he didn't get me," he said half to himself, half to the boys. "Ha, ha — ha, ha, ha."

"Mark, what happened?" The boys had all gathered around him now.

"I, — I . . ." Mark shivered and slumped forward.

The moonlight gleamed on a handle of a knife stuck in his back. There were the initials "S.A." on the hilt.

They heard an eerie scream, and down the hill they saw the figure of a man. He ran to a precipice. The lunatic hesitated a second and plunged over the steep drop.

The moon, as seen from the valley, had gone down, but from the top of the hill the last rays were still visible.

"He completed the legend with his life." The boys cursed the moon and it sank from sight.

The Pine Tree

By PHYLLIS GEE

The strong March wind blew hard and fast and free;
A tiny seed it blew down from a tree
Which found its way into the mossy earth,
Where fragrant April showers gave it birth.

A tiny tree sprang up in early May,
And marveled at the golden light of day;
It grew as pulled by some celestial force,
And never swayed from off its heavenward course.

Here in this wood of lovely quiet peace,
You see that God's great wonders never cease;
For still it stands oblivious of time,
A tall, erect, and stately long-leafed pine.

Off For School

By SALLY KNIGHT

GETTING TO school every morning is a series of events which proves to my family that there is some guiding power watching over it. It would be impossible to describe just one of these escapades to you and have you fully understand what I mean, for no morning is the same as the one before. Each is different and is something to be looked forward to with both wonder and amazement. To state the exact time that we arouse ourselves from our beds would be utterly impossible, for that brave deed occurs anytime from 7:15 until five or ten minutes before 8:00 A. M., usually no two members of the family rising at the same time.

The silent aim of my mother is to have breakfast served promptly at 8:15, and the departure for the day to take place at approximately 8:40. What amazing things can happen inside a normal house that are unknown to the outside world. For instance, on a Monday morning there are no clean socks or shirts to be found anywhere. Thus follows the mad scramble to find something wearable to put on one's back. Then Joe has borrowed Dad's comb and lost it. Now neither one has a comb to his name and must borrow the other's. Sue is in the bathroom using this one so all operations must cease until Sue's curls are combed into place. This appears to take forever, but usually doesn't, so onward to breakfast.

Are we on time? No! Of course not! Whether we rise at 7:30 or 8:00 the stragglers come to breakfast at 8:25. I am usually last, and upon arriving find my small brother furiously eating his cereal. A short time later as I leave the table, I see that he is still furiously eating his cereal. He must eat his Wheaties one flake at a time, for otherwise I can't see how any human being could be so slow.

At last it is time to depart. Are we ready? By all means, no. If it's not a missing Algebra book, the car keys are lost, or someone can't find a glove. Everything must come to a standstill while the house is madly turned upside down in a search. Eventually we proceed on our way. Do you think we can make it to school without a mishap of some sort? On venturing to cross the railroad tracks of the tobacco company, we come face to face with a train at a standstill. We wait. The train waits. By this time there are several cars behind us. As the minutes tick away, we can see ourselves sitting in conduct hall at three o'clock. Confound that train! We can't back up, we can't go forward. Then some bright eyes in the back seat spot what appears to be a road going off to the right. After much backing and turning we proceed on our way at last. But what is ahead? Railroad tracks loom into view and here comes our friend the freight train again. You don't believe it. It can't be true. Luckily, this time it doesn't stop, and soon we find ourselves in front of the school. Of course there isn't a freight train every morning. We sometimes encounter a fire engine or an ambulance. We've been known to run out of gas. However, no matter what unpredictable calamity may befall us, we always arrive at school at exactly four minutes before nine o'clock — no earlier, no later. That is why we have come to the conclusion that the fates have us in their grasp. It couldn't just happen this way, now could it?

The Secret of Carrington Rock

By ANNE ROBERTSON

IT WAS raining in sheets the night of March 20 as I drove into Cartersville. The town seemed almost deserted, and the only sound I heard was a plaintive, wailing song. The pathos in the singer's voice was enough to make your flesh crawl in horror at the wrong that must have been done to evoke such a pathetic song.

I was looking the town over, to see if there was any place I could stay for a few days, or at least until the weather cleared, when a light in a window of one of the houses down the street attracted my attention. I decided that in a town the size of Cartersville there would be no place to stop, except in a private home, so I drove up and went there to see if the owner would give me lodging for the night. The owner turned out to be a sweet old lady named Mrs. Jennings, who asked me to stay with her for as long as I wanted to stay in Cartersville.

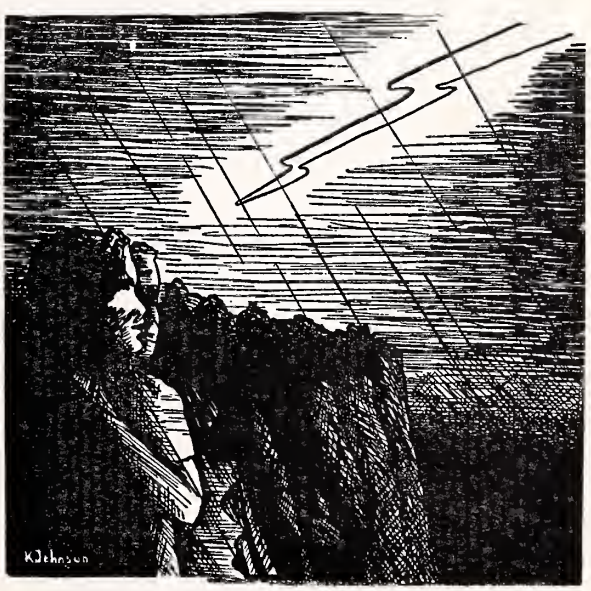
The next day I asked Mrs. Jennings about the strange singing I had heard the previous night; then she proceeded to relate one of the strangest tales I have ever heard.

"Louise Carrin'ton, one of the nicest girls in the county and also a member of the best fam'ly, was in love with Bill Nelson. Bill was a sweet boy even though he had no fam'ly background. They would have made such a cute couple, he so in love with her, and she so in love with him, but her father, Colonel Carrin'ton, said, 'No daughter of mine is going to marry a boy with no money and no fam'ly. After all, Louise has always had the advantage of a good fam'ly background, and I'll not see a daughter of mine have to worry about where the next meal is comin' from.

"It wasn't like modern times, when if a girl takes the notion into her head that she wants to get married, she gets married, no matter what her parents think. It was a different story in those days. Then if children wanted to do something and parents said 'No!' it meant that the children did not do it, no matter how they felt about it.

"Well, to continue my story, Louise felt that life wasn't worth livin' without Bill, and he felt the same way about her. So fifty years ago tomorrow night, Bill Nelson and Louise Carrin'ton took their lives by leapin' from Carrin'ton Rock and bein' dashed to bits on the rocks below.

"Ever since that fateful day every time



we have had a bad storm the ghost of Louise Carrin'ton has come back to haunt us.

"Mrs. Carrin'ton died soon after the death of her daughter. I guess she thought that there might have been something she could have done to save her and her lover, and the worry over it killed her. About a month after his wife died, the Colonel went berserk, and, soon after that he died of a stroke."

I have never believed in ghosts because in most cases they have a simple, logical explanation, but this one had just about stumped me. Yet I still believed that the mystery could be solved.

At about ten o'clock that morning, Mrs. Jennings took me to Carrington Rock. I thought it was very strange that from this rock, which extended about ten feet over the edge of the cliff above the deepest part of the lake, people could have jumped off and been killed on the rocks. Mrs. Jennings put these doubts temporarily at rest when she explained that the air currents carried an object shoreward, and that it was impossible for anyone to jump off and escape the rocks.

I don't know what quirk of fate made me ask her if she had seen the bodies, but the important thing is that I did ask her, and she replied, "I didn't see the actual bodies, because on that night there was a terrific storm, and the lake overflowed; the bodies were washed away. But don't you say they didn't jump, because I saw them when they did. Why Louise Carrin'ton herself stood right where I'm standing now."

That afternoon I began to work out a logical solution. Perhaps Louise was not dead after all! Perhaps she herself was the ghost! She had jumped at midnight of March 21! March 21 is the Vernal Equinox! Strange phenomena often occur on the equinoxes. Sometimes a sea current changes its course slightly . . . . . So why not an air current?

By this time it was raining again, and I was tempted not to test my theory that night, but then I though that the rain was perfect. I could duplicate conditions exactly.

That night I slipped on some old clothes that I didn't mind getting wet, took a rope and a bundle of rags which Mrs. Jennings had donated to the cause, and picked my way to Carrington Rock. I tied the rope to the rags and swung it down from the spot where Mrs. Jennings had stood that morning. And sure enough it swung in shoreward. At exactly midnight, it slowly began to swing outward. That was all I needed! My theory was correct!

I dived! Within seconds after I hit the water, I was in the clutches of a strong current. It pulled me downward and shoreward, and then, suddenly I began to go up, up, up. When I broke the surface of the water with a loud splash, I heard a strange, almost insane laughter, "Heh! Heh! Heh!" I climbed on land and heard an old, cracking voice say, "Bill, my Bill, is that you? Come to your dear Louise."

Then I knew that I had solved the mystery. I knew the secret of Carrington Rock.

My Life In The Marine Corps

By MERLE EUGENE DAVIS

AT THE age of 16 I was like any other kid wanting to wear a uniform. Well, I joined in 1948, Jan. 13, and got my uniform. I then began getting a check once every three months by going to meetings once a week. Throughout the two hours of the meeting we looked at training films or drilled a little on the 105 mm How. They were not too strict on our going to the meeting; if you didn't go you were put into the inactive reserves. We were allowed to miss a meeting once a month and still received pay, by going on a field problem on Sundays. We had a really good organization. After three months I received P.F.C., which I was very proud of. We were called the 1st 105 mm How. Bn.

Well, time went on and I finished my two years, still a P.F.C. I received a discharge in 1950, Jan. 14, and on the same night re-enlisted for two more years.

In June of 1950 we went to a summer camp for a two week training period. It was a lot of fun because you could quit any time and knew it was only two weeks, and there I received Corporal rating. Well, we finished the training and that was about the last of June, 1950. July 29 was the day we went on active duty and Aug. 1, a Tuesday morning, we were aboard a Trailway Bus heading for Camp Lejeune, N. C. We arrived about 5:30 P. M., and by the time we were squared away, it was midnight.

The battery stayed together about six days. Some went to outfits and I and 59 more went to boot camp. We were the ones that had never been in the service before.

The big day arrived, one which we had looked forward to and anticipated for days. I was only one of many reserves who had been called to active duty in the United States Marine Corps from the 105 m. m. Howitzer outfit at Fort Lee, Virginia. We had been sent to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina for separation into different units. My special group was waiting and had been waiting for several days to be sent to boot camp. Most of us were rather thrilled, some afraid, but nevertheless looking forward to this special day. Reveille was going at 3:30 A. M., and everyone packed his seabag the night before and hit the sack rather early with the idea in mind that we would be terribly busy the next morning. Well, in the rated tradition of the Marine Corps, we rushed like the devil getting our seabag outside, eating early chow, having muster and getting to the buses. Yes, you guessed it. We were there at 4:30 A. M. and the buses arrived at seven o'clock. We didn't know it then, but we were gradually being initiated into the "hurry up and wait" technique that is famous in the Marines. Our one special group got a good start for what was to follow for the next two and one-half months. We were selected as the special seabag loading and unloading detail. Well, to make a long story short, we were finally loaded on the train, settled comfortably (hard back seats) and on the way to Parris Island, South Carolina, where we were to spend the next seventy-five days in sweat, blood, tears and determination. Everyone was having such a good time laughing, joking and horsing around in general that I was really sorry when the train chugged to a stop in the small town of Port Royal, South Carolina. We were

then loaded into the waiting buses. Loaded isn't exactly the word for it. We were more or less herded into them with little space left in each one for breathing. Well, eventually we took off for P. I. and just as eventually arrived there. As we pulled to a stop, we got our first glimpse of the noble drill instructor that our little group would soon learn to fear and respect. Our group didn't stay in one piece, but a very short time after we unloaded, the Drill Instructor commenced calling names, and one by one we were given to different formations and drill instructors for our two and one-half months training period.

My special instructor looked like a kind sort of fellow. Mind you, I said looked like, but when he started stomping around and bellowing out orders, I soon changed my opinion. He marched us to our barracks where we stood at attention, believe it or not, for five hours without a break until he finished talking to us, telling us what he thought of reserves, yelling at us and completely breaking us down. Well, I dare say that was only the beginning. Yes, sir, just the beginning. In the days that followed we were taught the history and tradition of the Marine Corps, troop and drill, schooled on the famed M-1 rifle and many other things that were to be beaten into us for the long tedious hours, minutes and days to follow. We spent at least three hours a day in close order drill until every man was in perfect coordination with everyone else. Believe me, I have never seen since or doubt if I will ever see again as sharp a marching team as there was at boot camp. The drill instructors are plenty rough and the training is tough, but, by golly, when you leave you are every inch a man and last, but not least, a marine in every sense of the word.

When we were first initiated into boot camp the drill instructor told us — and I'll never forget these words — "You men will either walk out of here as a Marine or you will go out feet first." Brother! he sure knew what he was talking about. While I was down there several boys were carried out in a hearse, who had fallen out from over-exhaustion or heat stroke. Nevertheless, we learned the meaning of his word that immortal day. There's an old saying: "All work and no play makes Johnny a dull boy." Well, all I'll say for that is, truer words were never spoken. The whole time we spent in boot camp was right in our one barrack, good old "226." Our spare time was used for useful purposes such as shining shoes, cleaning rifles, and getting our gear in shape from day to day — as for writing letters, what a joke! Sometimes we would have approximately five minutes a day, a very precious five minutes to all of us. Our little group finished in one piece, though, and to the best of my knowledge have made good marines. In my opinion, not a one has ever regretted having to spend that seventy-five days at Parris Island. As for myself, a trained marine is a good marine.

After leaving Parris Island, I got ten days leave. It felt like being free again. But those ten days were up in no time. I reported to the 2 Div. Headquarters and was assigned to the 3 Bn. "G" Btry. 10th Marines 2 Div. F.M.F. All the men in the 3 Bn. were like brothers; each stuck beside the other.

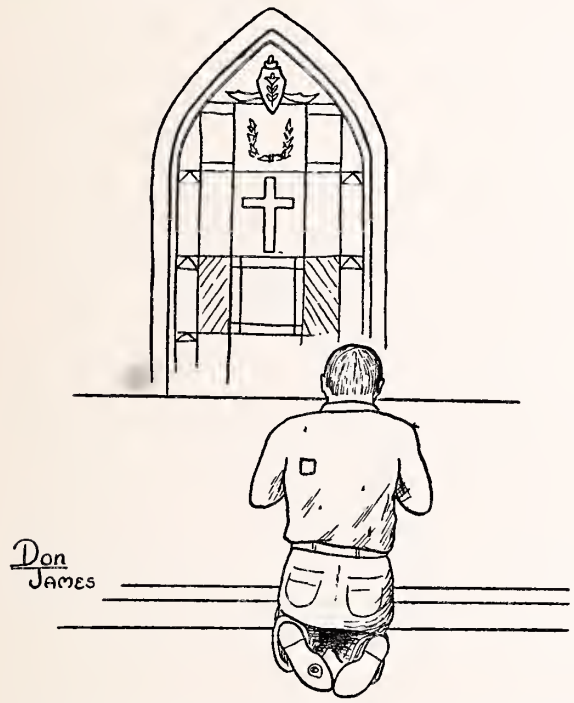
A short time later I volunteered for Korea, but they wouldn't take volunteers. Time passed slowly, because men were leaving on drafts for Korea, and new men were taking their places, causing the old men to keep repeating the same training.

Time began moving fast and then another big day came. They started releasing the reserves. It looked like they would never get to the category I was in. They finally did and I was released on the 25th day of January, 1952. They put me in the inactive reserves for a year. I wouldn't give ten cents to go over it again, nor would I take $1000 for my life in the Marine Corps.

A Christmas Prayer

By VIVIAN WILLIAMS

THE STREETS were wet and slushy, but still the white flakes continued to fall as if trying to cover the dirt and filth of the big city with a blanket of white.



Many people swarmed in and out of the stores, laughing and talking with the friends they met and always calling "Merry Christmas" as they hurried on their way.

Dusk was beginning to fall and the lights of the city glowed brightly as the snow slowly began to pile in little drifts along the sidewalks. Few people still tramped through the growing chill of the night, for most had traced their steps toward the warmth and comforts of home.

One lone figure moved slowly down the street, pausing briefly to stare into the elaborately decorated store windows.

Bobby gazed with longing at the display in the window of the sporting goods store. For a moment he was almost caught in the feeling of Christmas, but then it was gone and the same old feeling of loneliness returned. He didn't care any more whether there was a Christmas or not. It had hurt him when he was younger, but with a few years behind him that hadn't been exactly good, there was only this terrible loneliness.

He could remember when Dad was alive. There had been parties, lots of presents, and always a huge Christmas tree. But now all this had changed and Mother worked to try to give him as much as possible. Even now, on Christmas Eve, she was working, and Bobby knew that he would have to go home and cook his own supper. There wouldn't be any Christmas tree, much less presents.

It wasn't often that he thought about these things, but seeing everyone so happy tonight had made him especially sad.

Turning the corner, Bobby neared a church from which the bells rang out Christmas carols. Listening to the resounding tunes, he almost felt good. He hadn't been to church since before his father had died, and it didn't mean much to him any more. He never prayed. Anyway, he was sure it wouldn't do any good. People who went to church and prayed never did anything wrong. God just didn't listen to people who smoked, lied, or did anything like that.

But maybe just because it was Christmas, someone might hear him! Gosh, if he only had one present, everything

would seem so much better. Suddenly he raced up the steps and inside the door he bowed his head and prayed, "Please God, just one, maybe".

He hurried down the steps and reprimanded himself for doing such a silly thing. Only good people had their prayers answered, so it wouldn't do any good for him to pray. Now he felt worse than ever.

The streets were completely empty now and he could hear the sounds of his own footsteps in the soft snow. Now even the church bells had stopped ringing. Then, far away at first, but coming nearer, he heard the pattering sound of a dog's feet. In a minute, a shaggy mutt paced along beside him. It's hair was matted with dirt and one ear flopped ludicrously over one eye. After they had walked about a block, the dog nudged his leg and looked up at Bobby with sorrowful eyes.

"Go on, you old mutt," Bobby muttered. He was about to kick the old dog, but he stopped and reached down to pet him instead. With a slow smile Bobby let the mutt follow him. Pretty soon the loneliness began to melt away and in its place came a feeling of peace and contentment. This was his Christmas present.

Across the street an old man smiled as he watched a boy and his dog going home on Christmas Eve.

Song Of The Brook

By ROBERT MYERS

Deep down in the woods where the whippoorwill sings,
Where the brook trickles by with a murmuring sigh,
Long hours I lie by the crystal clear springs
And gaze with delight as the ripples roll by.

The stream seems to whisper a soft wistful note,
Inviting all creatures to share her sweet song;
And I too am carried adrift like a boat,
Adrift in her song as she rambles along.

Then soon I am swept away in my dream,
Away to the heavens where music is gay;
And the tune that I hear has just the same theme
As the song of the brook as it flows on its way.

Movies, Entertainment

By RONNIE SMITH

FOR fifty years the American public has been entertained by the motion picture show. The movie has thrown some form of entertainment in front of the public, but it still possesses more pests, menaces, and all around disturbances than anything in the entertainment field.

A few days ago I was in a complete state of boredom. There is an old saying which states, "Fight fire with fire," so I went to the movies.

After parking the car ten or twelve blocks from the theatre, I succeeded in walking the distance to the movies.

At first glance, I spied the line which had the physical content of twenty thousand Hindus waiting to touch the tail of the sacred cow. It seemed like only hours when I finally reached the box-office and got inside where the ticket taker ground my ticket into microscopic pieces, which he generously handed back to me.

By this time I approached the concession stand where I saw the greatest display of junk in the world. It would be considered a sin if I passed through here without buying a pound of popcorn, a pack of chewing gum, five or six candy bars, three colors of lifesavers, and a block of licorice.

Laden with my "loot", I finally reached the auditorium, where the corps of ushers swept me off my feet, down to a broken down chair, over a half-ton old lady, where I was finally deposited. At first, I thought the sudden darkness had blinded me, for I couldn't even see the screen. After analyzing the situation, I found that I was the victim of a misplaced column directly in the middle of the auditorium.

Then came intermission time, and the management played some Caruso records (some of his first). That wouldn't have been so bad if the recorder had had a needle on it, but the bare victrola arm gave Caruso a bad case of throat scratch.

The modern movie is guaranteed to last two hours. The first hour consisted of two comedies, twelve color cartoons, last year's news, and previews of centuries to come.

After these preliminary "bouts", I finally thought I would get to see the main feature.

It turned out that the movie was pretty good, and I was comfortably enjoying the entertainment when a father and sixteen kids decided that they should go home. Each one in his own "sweet" manner kicked his way over and around me to make his exit.

On the screen the beautiful girl started to shake and weep from the cold, but the hero quieted her with the presenting of his only jacket. Behind me a baby "brat" broke out in a tantrum, but the gallant mother pacified him by cramming her last Kleenex down the kid's throat. This was very effective until the kid got choked, and the emergency crew had to stop the picture to give the baby artificial respiration.

As the show ended, I made my way out of the theatre with a firm resolution to kill the propagandist who said, "Movies are better than ever."

I Saw and I Heard

By JOHN MYERS

Aye, I saw the ghostly gondola floating by,
'Mid a dream of grandeur and of grace.
I saw the gondolier with love in his eye,
With power and emotion in his youthful face.

I saw the wasteful water beating still,
Like a world of unconquerable lands.
I saw the dancing daisies on the hill,
Like a beach of all earth's golden sands.

I heard the music of the wilful wind,
That blows the bitter tears of time away.
I heard the birds in rising chorus blend
Their cheerful voices to the dying day.

I heard the churchbells sweetly, softly ringing
In the distance far but yet so near.
I heard the people in the churches singing
Of hearts made free, of joyful minds made clear.

The Daffodils

By ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

Each morning the daffodils do dance,
Talking, walking on the lawn;
The breezes whisper, "Now is your chance,
To show how you can dance at dawn."

Your dresses are made of yellow and white,
With narrow stems and leaves of green.
It makes a lovely sight at night,
In the bright moonlight they can be seen.

Enjoy yourself, have fun and play,
Each and every one of you,
For we are on display each day,
Until the tulips come pushing through.

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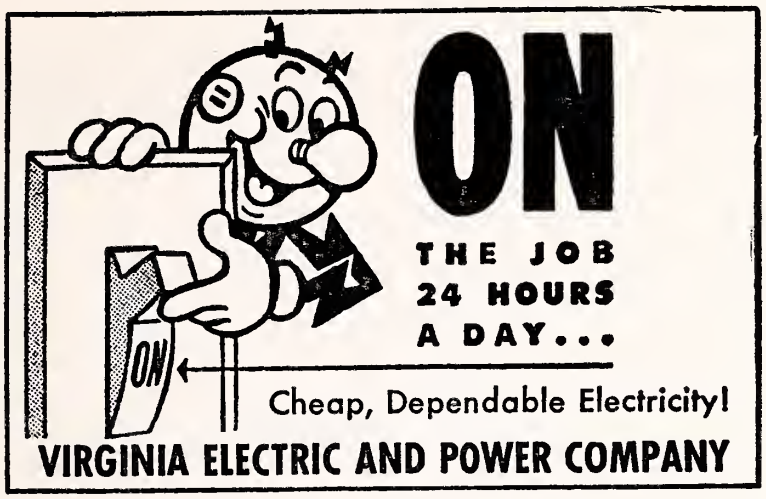

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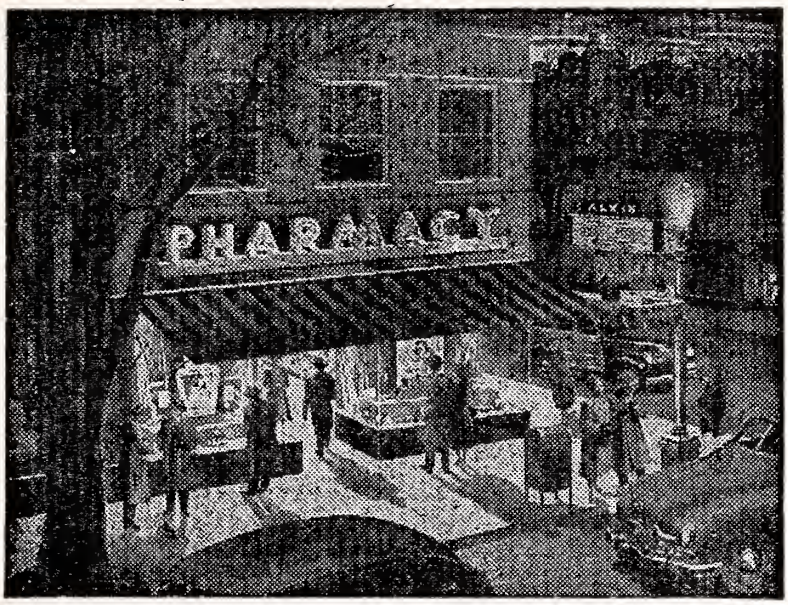

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